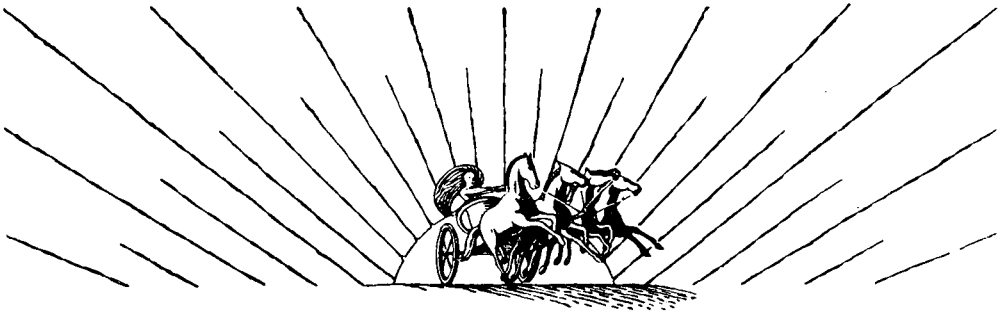

THE LIVING AGE

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

May 22, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD. Summarize the points of view on the coal problem in England here cited. What light is thrown by the present status of our negotiations with Mexico on the refuted charge of complicity by the American Ambassador in the overthrow of Madero's government.

IN VIEW OF OUR DEBTS TO AMERICA. What settlement of the Italian debt question has been made? Summarize this writer's account of America's attitude toward the question of German reparations and Interallied debts. Discuss his objections to the scheme of cancelling Germany's debts to the Allies and the Allies' debts to the United States. How does 'the mere operation of economic law' attract gold and wealth to America?

'AMERICANIZED INDUSTRY.' What economic fallacies are (1) the workingmen and (2) the employers of England guilty of entertaining? In what specific ways could British industry profit by emulating American methods? Discuss the final sentence in the light of possible application to this country as well as England.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE. In what sense is the Vatican a court? Tell what you may know about the history of the Swiss Guards. Explain: 'Today . . . I have not come to the Vatican for the sake of Michaelangelo or Raphael.' Characterize the last four Popes on the basis of this article.

FERRERO TURNS NOVELIST. Report on Ferrero as an historian. Summarize his statement of the purpose and plan of his novel.

PIRANDELLO: MAN AND ARTIST. What is the general theme of Pirandello's dramatic work? Why may he be called 'the Einstein of the drama'? Criticize the plot of *Right You Are, If You Think So.*

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Next Week

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR — *By George Bronson Rea*

Is there any real danger of a large-scale conflict in the Pacific between Japan and the United States? The editor of the *Far Eastern Review* demonstrates how little evidence the alarmists have to lean on.

CONFLICTING DOCTRINES IN CENTRAL EUROPE — *By Jules Sauerwein*

Security and expansion as the national policies respectively of two great Powers do not make an easy international situation in Central Europe. The editor of the *Matin* points out some of the grounds of conflict.

REPAIRING THE SPHINX — *By a Cairo Correspondent*

Rumors of all kinds have emanated from Egypt during the last few months, and many of them have been damaging to the good repute of the archæologists at work on the Sphinx. A *Times* correspondent explains how much there is in such rumors.

MODERN IRISH LETTERS — *By Æ and Percy Allen*

A leader of the older generation in Ireland criticizes Lord Dunsany as a fairy-tale writer of genius. An English dramatic critic, writing on the Ulster theatre, shows how Belfast competes with Dublin.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *MAY 22, 1926* — NO. 4272

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH STRIKE

THE merits of the original controversy behind the general strike in Great Britain are rapidly being submerged by the incidents of the latter conflict, which it is impossible to discuss on a basis of direct material from England at the time these lines are written. Up to the last moment the British press refused to believe that a rupture between the disputants would occur. The latest journals from that country to reach our desk, nearly two weeks after negotiations were broken off, still express the hope that a peaceful solution for the crisis may be found.

J. M. Keynes, writing in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, proposed this solution: —

'In the last quarter of 1925 the amount of the subsidy varied from 4*s*. 7*d*. per ton in South Wales to 1*s*. 7*d*. per ton in the Eastern Division, and averaged 3*s*. per ton for the whole country. This enabled the mines to make a trading profit averaging 1*s*. 7*d*. per ton for the whole country, and not less than 8*d*. per ton in any district. The Report of the Commission shows that an improvement of 3*s*. per ton in the net proceeds would enable all but the worst mines in every district to continue without actual loss, and the better mines to earn a normal trading profit averaging about 1*s*. 6*d*. per ton. Thus in round figures we may say that the economic problem of the mines is to raise the net proceeds by 3*s*. per ton. Anything much less than this would knock out whole areas, while anything much more would tend to perpetuate overproduction and to hinder the gradual transference of activity to the newer and better mines and districts.

'It is agreed that in the long run the only sources from which this necessary improvement in the net proceeds can come are three: (1) lower wages, (2) economies resulting from the Commission's miscellaneous recommendations, and (3) higher prices to the consumer. The Commissioners have proposed that the contribution from lower wages should be about ten per cent, which would work out at an average of about 1*s*. 3*d*. per ton. They have not specified how much they expect from the other two sources — an omission

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which gives a certain vagueness and lack of precision to their intentions. I suggest that rough justice would be done if we were to start off in framing a concrete scheme of settlement with the idea that we might get 1*s.* per ton from each of the three sources. It is evident, however, that, while an agreement could make sure of the contribution from wages, the amount of the contributions from eventual miscellaneous economies and from higher prices is bound to be problematical beforehand, and will only emerge with certainty in course of time.'

The London *Daily Herald*, speaking for Labor, thus analyzed the proposed wage-cuts which the coal-miners are resisting.

	Present Average per day		Reduction per day		New Average per day	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Scotland	10	4	2	1	8	3
Northumberland	9	4	2	4	7	0
Durham	10	0	2	9	7	3
S. Wales & Mon.	10	9	2	10	7	11
Yorks, Notts., Derby, Leics., Cannock, Warwick, and S. Derby	10	10	1	9	0	10
Lancs. & N. Staffs. & Ches.	10	0	1	7	8	5
N. Wales	9	2	1	8	7	6
S. Staffs. & Salop	8	5	1	7	6	10
Cumberland	10	7	2	7	8	0
Forest of Dean	8	11	1	3	7	8

'These are average wages for all workers below under-managers. Further analysis shows that, in South Wales for instance, the day-wage men, with the exception of two classes, would lose 2*s.* 8*d.* a day, while the collier on piecework earning 12*s.* 6*d.* a shift would lose 4*s.* 6*d.*, and the collier on the other shifts would lose nearly 6*s.* a day. In Durham the hewer now getting 9*s.* 8*d.* a day would get 6*s.* 10*d.*, which is 7½*d.* below the present subsistence level. In addition to these reductions, the owners require certain other variations — in some cases longer hours, in others the withdrawal of free houses and free coal.'

The *New Statesman*, which believed that it would be cheaper to subsidize wages for the moment on a steadily decreasing scale than to support the miners in idleness, and assumed that reorganizing the mines and introducing more efficient working methods would make them generally profitable, declared that the present crisis 'is no more than the most difficult moment of a transition. If the Government will use its full powers — and if it nationalizes the royalties its powers will be ample — it should quite easily be able to avert the danger of that fight to the death which the miners, supported by the whole trade-union world, will make if their basic minimum rates are threatened. The Mineowners Association is a most foolish and incompetent body, with which the more successful coal-mining concerns will have nothing to do. In no sense does it represent the industry as a whole; it merely wants more subsidies and lower wages in order to keep alive pits which, either because they are so badly managed or because their seams have practically run out, cannot offer a living wage. Roughly speaking, a third of the coal mines of Great Britain are so profitable that they care little what wages they pay; another third can pay decent wages and keep their heads well above water; the remaining third cannot pay a living wage at all without a subsidy, and ought to be abandoned.'

Ramsay MacDonald, in addressing a meeting of three thousand coöperators shortly before the strike began, entered the following protest against the proposed flat reduction of wages: —

'There are properties in these bad days getting something between seven

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shillings and nine shillings a ton profit, adding to that profit something like five shillings a ton from the subsidy. (*Shame*) Alongside of them and in the same districts there have been properties losing seven shillings, six shillings, five shillings, a ton on their coal — at any rate according to returns. (*Laughter*) Now to say that all over that district, including the nine-shilling profit and the seven-shilling loss, you are going to have a flat-rate reduction of wages — could anything be more antediluvian, more stupid and absurd, than a proposal like that as a solution for the difficulties of the coal industry within that district? It can't be done.'

✽

A CORRECTION TO AN EXPLANATION

OUR office has received several protests against the implications of the article we published in our issue of April 10 entitled 'A Tragic Chapter in Mexican History,' particularly in so far as they impugn the conduct of the American Ambassador in Mexico at that time. One of these letters has all the authority of an official statement from the highest source. Another, from a person in a position to be intimately familiar with the facts, says: 'The charges against the American Ambassador are so vicious and so infamous that they cannot be allowed to stand uncorrected. Needless to say, the idea that the American Ambassador instigated or took part in any improper way in the resignation and assassination of the President and Vice-President is completely false. . . . Mr. Wilson has ample evidence, not only of the propriety of his official conduct, but also of the fact that he made every effort possible to save the life of the unfortunate Madero. . . . The official correspondence (between the Ambassador and the Department of State) has all been published, and no one can read it without realizing that the course of the American Ambassador was not only proper, but highly creditable and in accordance with the best traditions of our diplomatic service.'

The article was published in the *Living Age* as an illustration of the Mexican state of mind. No well-informed person would assume that our Ambassador in Mexico City at the time President Madero was overthrown was a sympathetic witness, far less an accomplice, in these proceedings. Indeed that was insinuated, rather than asserted, in the article. Much of the difficulty in our relations with Latin America, however, springs from a public mood that gives such charges widespread credence among her people, where they continue to be repeated in private conversation and in public print. There is no way to combat them except by inviting their open discussion in this country as well as in Mexico. Just as Uncle Sam is caricatured as a Shylock by so many European cartoonists, so are he and his representatives caricatured as imperialist intriguers in an influential section of the Latin-American press.

We hope that this distrust is but a passing cloud in our neighborly relations, which will disappear automatically with the growing prosperity and political stability of the nations south of us. Nevertheless, it is a hard fact with which we have to deal in the present day's work. Just now an International Commission is considering the American claims against Mexico arising out of incidents that occurred during the Madero revolution and subsequently, and an active propaganda is being conducted to prejudice American contentions in these cases. Mexico's hereditary suspicions of our country are therefore stimulated by the spur of practical interest. Supporters of the present Administration in Mexico, moreover,

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have ample motives of their own for associating their more conservative or reactionary political opponents at home with Huerta's crime and with Uncle Sam's alleged Machiavellian intervention in their country's affairs. It is against this background that the article in question should be interpreted. It is in no sense an objective contribution to history.

✠

HUNTING FOR TROUBLE?

BRITISH and Continental papers are asking with some concern whether Mussolini's vociferous belligerency is Wilhelmesque bluff, and, even if that be so, whether it may not commit him to hazardous adventures in Africa and Asia Minor. England seems inclined to compromise with Fascism's imperial ambitions, and perhaps to use them as a tool in her Mosul dispute with Turkey; while France maintains a less compromising attitude.

Il Duce's oral bombardments have on a few occasions been aimed directly at her northern neighbor. Apparently the Fascisti dislike France for two reasons — because she is mistress of a coveted section of Africa, and because she stands for the motto and ideals of the French Revolution. Mussolini's declaration that he intends to make the Mediterranean 'an Italian lake,' and that 'all Africa awaits the ultimate return of the Roman eagles,' is not reassuring. Some Fascist papers specifically demand that the partition of Africa decreed at Versailles shall be revised in Italy's favor. *La Nazione* of Florence thus voices Italy's complaint: 'We have been excluded from Asia Minor, and Germany's four great colonies in Africa have been bolted by England and France, with a little sop to Belgium. . . . Vast and wealthy territories potentially possessed of untold riches have thus been assigned to colonial Powers that were already surfeited with such possessions. Never before in history has the earth's surface been grabbed in this wholesale manner, albeit under the guise of mandates, which are only a temporary aid to digestion.'

MUSSOLINI AFRICANUS IN TRIPOLI
(*Haagsche Post*, The Hague)

Mussolini, when denouncing the doctrines of the French Revolution in a recent speech, some passages of which are said to have been suppressed before publication by his more prudent advisers, exclaimed: 'We see the forces that represent in the world the ideas of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" uniting against us; but we have three million men ready to fight anywhere, to the north as well as to the south, with which to smash that coalition.' In fact, antipathy to France colors many phases of Fascist polemics. That country's stationary population is alluded to in the recent outburst against birth-control, for combating which Mussolini has set up a Government commission 'to defend the Italian family from the wiles of propagandists appealing to individualist and materialist instincts.' A contributor to *Impero*, writing in the same vein as many of his journalistic colleagues, declares that Italy's mission is not only to populate the world, but to populate it with soldiers. Children are not to be reared on the insipid milk of pacificism, but on the strong meat of war. 'The citizen of the New Italy grows up possessed of the conviction that the exercise of arms is manly — that to be a soldier and to fight are honors conceded by the fatherland only to the worthy. . . . Consider what prodigious and invincible

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armies these children will form ten years hence!'

British papers seized the occasion of Mussolini's African trip to publish the substance of an accord between the Foreign Offices of London and Rome for the economic development of Abyssinia. This agreement has created profound suspicion even in Mr. Chamberlain's own Party. The *Saturday Review*, which champions the Conservatives among British weeklies, says the way in which it was made 'will please nobody but the Italians themselves'; that it 'may be quite harmless, but the manner in which it has been announced is decidedly unfortunate. . . . The atmosphere of secrecy, the reference in the Italian press to a mandate over Abyssinia, and the silence of the Government in Addis-Abeba, all encourage the suspicion that Italy, despite her crushing defeat on the last occasion, dreams of military conquests in Abyssinia.' Turning to the Italian press, the Catholic *Corriere d'Italia* argues temperately that Italy's contemplated activities in Abyssinia will not compromise the latter country's sovereignty; indeed, they will strengthen its political prestige, since 'every increase in production means increase in economic power, and consequently in political independence.' *Giornale d'Italia* also asserts that the treaty in question contemplates exclusively economic objects. Abyssinia is a member of the League, where she is likely to find France her champion; for, all other rivalries aside, Italy's designs include building new railways in that country which will divert her trade from the French port of Jibuti.

It is impossible to say how much actuality there is behind the report that Italy contemplates aggressive action against Turkey this summer. Mussolini would have to pick a gratuitous quarrel with Mustapha Kemal to justify invading Anatolia. But the Turks are probably sincere in their alarm, for they have not forgotten the trivial provocation which led to the Tripoli War, nor the extreme cordiality with which the Greek Foreign Minister was recently received in Rome.

✽

'ON ADMIRING AMERICA'

THIS is the title under which Mr. F. C. C. Yeats-Brown draws unfavorable comparisons between his own country and the United States in a late issue of the *Spectator*. Prefacing his remarks with the statement, 'I have no particular cause to love Americans,' who, it seems, have parted the writer from a good many dollars, and quite ready to admit that we have conspicuous and irritating defects, he nevertheless finds several things among us to use as a foil to set off the deficiencies of his own country, and declares that an Englishman's first impression upon returning home from America is that his native land is sunk in lethargy.

'Going out to luncheon I pass a theatre queue daily, listless men and women on camp stools, street singers, cadgers. Outside a teashop in Covent Garden are four hefty men, three singing, one collecting pennies.' He attributes these conditions to the idea, which he says prevails in England, that a man must be helped in spite of himself, and protests: 'This is not Christianity — far from it; it is merely feudalism. Above all, and in spite of all that has been said about our being a nation of shopkeepers, we still persist in thinking business less honorable as a career than letters, medicine, law, or even war.'

After an amusing account of his experience in trying to call up a man on a London telephone to make a business engagement, which leads him to make the elastic estimate that 'thousands of pounds a day are lost over missed con-

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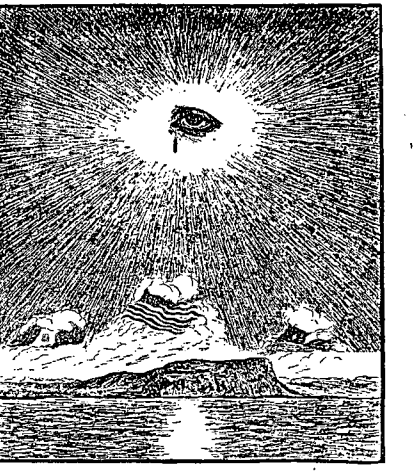
nections' in that city, he protests that in Great Britain 'doing business is made into a bore, instead of being a delight, as it should be.'

He then turns his attention to another class of nonproducers, who we assume are superficially different but fundamentally identical with the street singers, cadgers, and penny-collectors. 'I sometimes think that those half-dead persons whom one may see from the top of a bus, sitting in their clubs reading the newspapers, are partly responsible, with their die-hardisms and inhibitions, for keeping up a spirit of pessimism in Young England. No doubt they tell their families that the world is going to the dogs. No doubt also they read too much and do too little; they batten like slugs on the fodder of Fleet Street, absorbing paragraphs of print about other men's activities and absurdities, and remain immobile. Such people must be a drag on prosperity.'

Declaring that he admires America but loves England, this typically self-critical Britisher deplores the fact that the young people of his country either stay in ruts or else get out of them 'only to pursue the hare of Communism.' Speaking apparently from his own experience, he says: 'There is far more fun to be had out of Capitalism and individual enterprise. I should like to see English boys paying their way through a university by being waiters in their spare time, — as two American friends of mine did, — and more men determined to be millionaires before they die. "But money is n't everything!" It is so easy to say that — and so cheap, so like a faded grandee.'

MR. CHURCHILL (lightening the overburdened budget-boat of the coal subsidy). 'Women and children first.'
— *New Leader*, London



TACNA-ARICA
— *West Coast Leader*, Lima

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IN VIEW OF OUR DEBTS TO AMERICA[1]

BY ATTILIO CABIATI

[THE author is Professor of Commercial Politics and Customs Legislation in the Business University at Milan.]

NOT long ago the British Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out in an address to the House of Commons that fully sixty per cent of the Reparations payments received from Germany was crossing the Atlantic. Thus the United States, already glutted with gold and a huge trade-balance, witnesses this new river of wealth flowing steadily to its shores from the impoverished continent of Europe.

America's leading publicists, industrialists, and financiers wish to see the Interallied debts canceled, or at least scaled down to the lowest possible amount. But the average American taxpayer, who would have to go down into his own pocket to pay the interest and principal of the eleven billion dollars more or less that his Government has lent to the Governments of Europe, will not listen to the suggestion that he present that enormous sum to what he considers a parcel of turbulent, acrimonious, trouble-hunting foreign Powers.

Of course, the Washington Government might put this poser to its great industrialists and bankers: Why don't you yourselves reimburse the people of the United States for the eleven billion dollars they have advanced to Europe through the Federal Treasury, and then cancel the debts of those Powers, so as to escape the dangers with which these obligations in their present form threaten you?

Put in that way, the question covers both aspects of the problem, for these debt payments are a matter to be adjusted, not only between nations, but also between different groups of people within each nation.

Mr. Gilbert's report on the first year's operation of the Dawes Plan is illuminating in this connection. First of all, why has the United States Government persistently refused to allow Germany's payments to the Allies to be tied up with her claims against the Allied Governments? At first blush we might assume that this was merely a question of definition, because the American Government, in presenting its bill to the Allies, has always acted on the basis of their capacity to pay; and the Reparations they receive from Germany are unquestionably a factor in their capacity to pay. But on closer scrutiny we discover that this refusal is based on something more than a mere quibble over words. Assume that the Allies were to transfer to the United States their claims against Germany, and that Germany thus found herself facing the formidable, and probably impossible, task of transferring to a single nation one billion gold marks annually at first, and then progressively larger sums, until a maximum of two and one-half billion gold marks was reached. The Allies would then be able to adopt any commercial or fiscal measures they saw fit to defend them-

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *April* 4

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selves against a possible invasion of German goods, and would thus escape all the embarrassing liabilities associated with future Reparations transfers. As things are at present, Germany distributes her payments among six or seven States, each of which, under the compulsion of its debt to America, is forced to receive them and to solve for itself the problem of transmitting the proceeds to the United States. By thus subdividing the transfers among several nations, the task of each one is greatly lightened, and each is able to adjust its commercial and industrial machinery to the necessities of its particular situation. The burden of transferring those payments to America, instead of falling upon a single country, is distributed among at least four principal debtors, England, France, Belgium, and Italy, who can employ the proceeds of their own trade, and of the services they render in all parts of the world, to meeting their obligations to America. This not only makes the transaction less impracticable, but permits its accomplishment with less disturbance to world economy and to international exchange.

But there is a second point involved here. The method adopted by the United States leaves each of the debtor countries in full control of its own monetary and customs policies. Germany is now paying almost entirely in goods. This is shown clearly in the report of the officers administering the Dawes Plan for the first five months of the second year. Now the Allied Powers — except Italy, where the facts are not fully reported — turn over these German products to groups of industrialists in their own country, usually at much lower prices than those at which they are credited to Germany. For example, if the Reparations Germany pays in the form of coal, chemicals, and machinery are valued in the world market at one hundred, the Allied Governments credit her with one hundred on her Reparations payments, but they may actually receive only eighty per cent of that sum, because of the discount they allow to the domestic purchasers who buy these goods from them. This difference arises from the fact that gold prices in the domestic market of a country with a depreciated currency are lower than they are in the international market, and that Germany's deliveries are necessarily credited to her at the international market rate.

In this way the added protection that a depreciated currency gives to the domestic industries of a debtor country is counterbalanced in the final accounting by the increment thus added to that country's debts to America.

But take a case where the price of German goods is lower than the price of similar goods produced in the protected domestic market of a State receiving payments from Germany. In that case the Government can sell this German merchandise at its par value — that is, at the price at which it credits it to Germany — without doing serious harm to its own producers. In fact, the Government may be able to dispose of such goods at a profit above the price at which it receives them, thus directly benefiting by its protective policy. But whichever situation may prevail in any of the countries owing money to the United States, the latter collects its obligations at par and is not affected by the tariff and currency policies of those nations.

A third important factor also enters into this relationship. American bankers have advanced huge credits to European Governments and private borrowers, either directly out of their own resources or as underwriters marketing foreign securities to the Amer-

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ican public. The sum total of these advances is mounting rapidly. American investors are said thus to have lent fully a billion dollars to Germany alone. Operations on so large a scale as this ordinarily result in a great extension of banking credit. European borrowers have begun to resort regularly to the American money market for accommodation. That market is called upon to underwrite Europe's commercial operations, to furnish her liquid capital, to float new companies, to finance trade between Europe and America and between Europe and the Orient, and so on. The United States has thus acquired a strong hold upon European industry, and in connection with this hold new responsibilities and risks.

Now, if American savings continue to be invested upon this extensive scale in European enterprises, an interesting rivalry is sure to develop between the Treasury at Washington and the financiers in Wall Street. When Italy, France, and England are paying the maximum annual installment on their debts, America will receive from us about $360,000,000 gold annually. Europe will never be able to pay this sum unless her factories and fields are operated with the utmost economy and efficiency, and with a minimum profit, after taxes are paid, to the owners. But American citizens will be heavily interested in the earnings of these foreign companies. Whatever the Washington Government collects from European treasuries will thus be taken out of these American investors' profits, in the form of taxes levied by European Governments upon the enterprises in which the latter are interested in order to pay their public obligations to the Treasury of the United States.

A third element in the Interallied debt situation threatens to sow dissension between different interests in America. Her consumers are likely to favor the importation of cheap merchandise from abroad, while her manufacturers and bankers will bitterly oppose this competition. The only way to reconcile that divergence of interests will be for Americans to reinvest in foreign enterprises the profits they receive from capital placed abroad — a policy that will steadily increase their preponderance in the economic life of Europe.

On the other hand, it is as erroneous as it is ingenuous to jump at the conclusion that the only way to cut this Gordian knot is to cancel Germany's debts to the Allies and the Allies' debts to England and the United States. There are three reasons why this is impracticable. In the first place, France's claims against Germany exceed her debts to England and America. In the second place, such a solution, if adopted now, would make Germany the real winner in the war; for she has a more efficient industrial plant, a better business organization, and a more stable monetary system than any of her rivals. Moreover, she has wiped out her domestic debt, and would enjoy the advantage of lower taxes than her competitors. In the third place, as I pointed out at the beginning, the result of this would be to benefit American financiers who have heavy loans on their private account abroad, at the cost of American taxpayers, who would then have to pay out of their own pockets the interest and principal of the money borrowed by their Government to lend to Europe.

Still another aspect of this broad question, and one that is often overlooked, thrusts itself upon our attention. The history of the rise and fall of nations, and of the successive supremacy of one country or of one continent over its neighbors, shows

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that intellectual values count quite as much as material resources in international competition, and that the sceptre eventually passes to the country that is best able to combine vast wealth with cultural progress. Industrial and commercial expansion is the product of three factors: of the discoveries that pure science makes in the laboratory, and generally bestows gratuitously upon the world; of the volume of production, which, when it reaches a certain level, enables all the people of a country to enjoy a high standard of living, and thus reduces the likelihood of class conflicts; and of the constantly increasing number and variety of physical and intellectual needs that this ever-augmenting wealth enables the people to gratify.

To-day, and ever since the beginning of the World War, the people of America have been advancing in these respects, while Continental Europe has stood still or retrograded. We read, or hear from our colleagues across the water, with a feeling of appreciative envy, what they are doing over there for education, for the refinement of living, for the welfare of their teachers, for the extension of libraries, laboratories, and research institutions to promote the physical and social sciences. Great captains of industry and finance rival each other in founding technical and business schools, in establishing new chairs at universities, and in providing endowments to support special studies and lines of research and to enable investigators to travel all over the world in the quest of knowledge. The effect of all this is cumulative. We behold American scholars and scientists invading with the élan of a young and optimistic race every field of inquiry and learning and competing with the greatest names of ancient Europe.

We fail to realize fully how profound the changes now occurring are, because our old continent is still filled with scholars and students who are a product of the wealth and ease we enjoyed before the war. They still survive, resigned to continue their old pursuits in honorable poverty. But the climate of post-war Europe has changed. It has now become so difficult for us to earn a living, the value of material things has been so emphasized in our lives, that the younger generation naturally asks itself whether it is not better to devote the energy and the genius that would have given its members distinction in the arts and sciences to acquiring a material competence, which now seems the only guaranty of individual independence.

Confronting a Europe impoverished and divided against itself, the American Union automatically attracts our gold and our wealth without specially desiring to do so — by the mere operation of economic law. Its people live in the free air of a boundless territory almost as large as our continent, and even larger when we consider that Canada is economically a territorial extension of the United States. Living as they do between two oceans, her sons naturally think imperially. Their interests are becoming world-wide; they possess a home market covering an area of more than three million square miles, and inhabited by 120,000,000 people. Assured, therefore, of material abundance and of financial world supremacy, they now seek new fields to conquer in the realms of art and science.

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THE STATUS OF RUSSIAN PETROLEUM[1]

BY AN AMSTERDAM CORRESPONDENT

AFTER the negotiations undertaken at Genoa and The Hague in 1922 for Russia's recognition by Western Europe, the settlement of her foreign debts, and the restoration to their original owners of concessions granted by her former Government, had finally broken down, Moscow's petroleum policy entered a new phase. Prior to this the Standard Oil group, alarmed by the publication of a proposed agreement which gave its Royal Shell rival a practical monopoly of the Russian fields, had got into action, and a syndicate to defend the interests of French and Belgian investors in the Russian oil industry had been organized. At The Hague an agreement was reached by the Royal Shell group, the Noble interests controlled by the Standard Oil, and the Franco-Belgian Syndicate, which resulted in the formation of the International Association of Petroleum Companies in Russia, which was designed to deal as a unit with the Russian Government regarding its members' respective claims in that country.

Less than two years later, after its representatives had tried repeatedly to reach an agreement with the Soviet authorities, this Association went to pieces. That was not on account of the rivalry between the Standard Oil and the Royal Shell groups, for they were working hand in hand so far as Russia was concerned, but because a conflict of interests had arisen between the Franco-Belgian shareholders and the British, Dutch, Russian, and American producers. The latter were chiefly interested in securing the right to operate again in Russia and in extending their concessions in that country, while the Franco-Belgian shareholders wanted to get some sort of settlement that would boom their stocks. Consequently the Franco-Belgian group was not particularly interested in new concessions of the sort its associates were seeking, which would benefit principally the latter.

The Soviet Government, notwithstanding the demoralized condition of its petroleum industry at the time, took shrewd advantage of this discord. The men at Moscow were chiefly interested in getting capital to develop and work the wells under their direct control. The only way to do so was to sell oil abroad, for the domestic market brought them little net return. Large foreign sales were impossible, both on account of the opposition of the great petroleum groups just mentioned and on account of inadequate production at home. So the Soviet Government began making small sales to foreign purchasers whenever an opportunity offered. Thus they gradually worked up a business large enough to worry the Royal Shell and Standard Oil interests, and to induce them to buy more freely directly from Soviet stocks. This policy accomplished its object. A big contract for deliveries to the Royal Shell people, which the latter defended with the argument that it was made in

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *April* 14

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the interests of the British Empire, caused great dissatisfaction in the International Association; and it was this contract that really broke up that body.

All this time the Russians were busily restoring their wells and pipe lines and organizing distributing agencies in Western Europe. Under the competent supervision of Serebrovski, the former engineer of the Noble interests, the 'Asneft,' which handled production in the Baku field, and the 'Grosneft,' which was formed to develop the new and very promising Grosny field, were notably successful. The third Soviet oil syndicate, 'Embaneft,' operating in the Emba district, can be disregarded, for its production is not important. This is shown by the following figures: —

District	Gross Product in Million Poods	
	1913	1925
Baku	469.0	352.1
Grosny	73.7	144.0
Emba	6.0	16.2
	548.7	512.3

The Soviet managers expect to increase the output during the current year to 597.5 million poods, which is considerably more than the maximum production before the war. This larger product, if it is actually attained notwithstanding the present lack of well supplies, cannot perhaps be marketed abroad in the same proportions as the smaller output of previous years; but the domestic market is growing rapidly. One of the reasons why Moscow is endeavoring to secure foreign credits is to purchase tubing and other supplies for developing these fields. How successful Soviet Russia has been in recovering her old market abroad and acquiring new markets is indicated by the fact that her annual exports of petroleum products have increased from 921,000 tons for the best year before the war to 1,338,000 tons in 1924–1925, the most recent year for which we have complete statistics. Of the latter amount, 62,000 tons were crude oil, 276,000 tons gasoline, 391,000 tons illuminating oil, 168,000 tons Diesel engine oil, 426,000 tons fuel oil, and 15,000 tons other petroleum products. Heavy purchases by different foreign Governments, particularly France and Italy, contributed to this increase; but the great petroleum companies, including those of England, have also helped to enlarge the figures. In the latter country the Soviet corporation, Arcos, Limited, has handled wholesale deliveries; and in August 1924 Moscow incorporated in Great Britain 'Russian Oil Products, Limited,' to sell directly to consumers, with the result of appreciably lowering gasoline prices in that country.

This last move doubtless explains the recent agitation against Russian oil, which certain interests in Great Britain started last autumn. The Association of British Creditors of Russia distributed circulars attacking Russian Oil Products, Limited; and a member moved in the House of Commons that the commercial treaty with Russia be abrogated. Sir Henri Wilhelm August Detterding, Director-General of the Royal Shell Company, vigorously backed the Association of British Creditors of Russia in this campaign, and published a violent attack against the Russians.

Thereupon Mr. Lomov, the chairman of the All-Russian Petroleum Syndicate, took up the cudgels for his country. During the controversy that followed, the whole question of credits, prices, and petroleum policies was thoroughly aired. Replying to the charge that the Russians could underbid British gasoline producers in their own market because they paid starvation wages, Lomov pointed out that the

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Royal Shell had pursued precisely the same policy in fighting the Soviet industry. Some of the facts that came out in the debate were very interesting. For example, Lomov published the following data regarding the taxes paid by the oil industry in Russia: —

'Grosneft and Embaneft pay five kopecks a pood and Asneft pays three and one-half kopecks a pood in excise taxes. The petroleum industry as a whole paid during 1924–1925 the following amounts to the Government: income tax, 9,140,000 rubles; to the Fund for Improving the Physical Condition of the Workers, 3,210,000 rubles; to the General Industry Fund, 5,940,000 rubles; and in profits to the State, 10,000,000 rubles additional. Wages are eighty-four per cent the rate before the war. General benefits provided for the workers make up the deficit. The eight-hour day is universal.'

Of course, Mr. Lomov had no answer to make to the accusation that his Government had profited by confiscating without compensation the capital investments of the former private petroleum owners and operating companies; neither could he deny Mr. Detterding's charge that the Soviets were employing in the production and distribution of petroleum railways, pipe lines, and other improvements paid for with the proceeds of the Tsarist loans floated in Western Europe. Mr. Lomov had rather the advantage of Mr. Detterding, however, in his assertion that the Royal Shell Company had also bought 'stolen goods,' and that it made no difference in morals whether part or all of the goods it bought were stolen.

This controversy should not be allowed to conceal the fact that, behind the screen of this juristic argument over the legality of confiscation when enforced as a general measure and not exclusively against the citizens of a foreign country, the two parties to the dispute were really jockeying for a bargain. Mr. Lomov kept hinting at a 'businesslike settlement' of the issues in controversy, and one could detect beneath the surface of these mutual recriminations an obvious desire to reach a basis of understanding, not only between the Royal Shell Company and Moscow, but between all the big petroleum companies and the Soviets.

In a recent interview Mr. Detterding alluded to the latest scheme for developing Russia's petroleum resources. A group of financiers headed by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas is said to consider advancing long-term credits to Russia in return for a concession in the Caucasus. That concession is to be large enough to supply the entire consumption of France. The same parties are reported to contemplate organizing a monopoly for the sale of Russian petroleum throughout Europe. Mr. Serebrovski, the Soviets' chief oil engineer, is understood to have discussed this plan with leading representatives of the industry during his recent visit to Western Europe. In commenting upon these rumors Mr. Detterding was inclined to give them full credit. To be sure, he said, a man must be a Frenchman to venture upon such an enterprise with the French money market in its present condition. He hoped the scheme would succeed, nevertheless, because it would mean the investment of more foreign capital in Russia, which would have to be guaranteed protection. This would undermine the whole Communist system. He refused to believe, however, that the French would buy 'stolen property,' — which, by the way, the Royal Shell people originally bought from the French Rothschilds group, — and assumed that the new concession would lie in fields not previously exploited.

Mr. Detterding's opinions are not

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shared in full by the gentlemen in control of the Franco-Belgian petroleum interests, who are inclined to regard fields hitherto undeveloped as merely reserves to be used to compensate the former possessors for the property taken from them in older fields, including the oil that has been extracted from those fields by the Soviet authorities.

Several oil grants have already been made by the Soviet Government to foreign enterprises, such as the Italian-Belgian Mining Company of Georgia, the Sinclair group, and the Norwegians, but none of them is in the Grosny or the Baku field. This leads us to conclude that other concessions will also be confined to newer and less developed districts. But such concessions are not so attractive for outside investors, because a large capital will be required to develop them, and because English grantees already have a prior claim to them by virtue of certain pre-war titles. Yet the fact remains that the Soviet Government is quite willing to grant extensive concessions of this character in return for loans. That does not constitute a break with that Government's previous policy, for as early as 1922, at least, it was willing to consider similiar offers.

The principal fact that emerges from all this discussion is that the struggle between Soviet Russia and the capitalists of Western Europe and the United States for possesssion of Russia's petroleum resources has entered a new phase. Western oil men can no longer dictate their terms to Moscow as they pretended to do four years ago. They will have to compromise, and eventually they will be very willing to do this.

'AMERICANIZED' INDUSTRY[1]

YANKEE METHODS FOR ENGLISH EMPLOYERS

No two countries could well be more alike or more different then England and America. There is a similarity of problems as of speech and characteristics, but there is so vast a dissimilarity of conditions that only rarely can the experience of either be translated into terms of the other's life and habits. This is particularly the case in the sphere of industry. Between that sprawling continent, with its agricultural background, its assured domestic market, its wealth of raw materials, its thin and scattered population, — for America with all her millions is still mainly margin, — and this crowded urbanized island that lives by selling its goods, lending its capital, and proffering its commercial services all over the world, the points of resemblance are few and the points of contrast many.

It is only, therefore, with large reservations that one approaches any attempt to apply the industrial lessons and practices of America to the more static and incomparably more complex circumstances of Great Britain.

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *April* 3

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Such an attempt has recently been made by two young English engineers, Mr. Bertram Austin and Mr. Francis Lloyd, and the result of their reflections and observations, *The Secret of High Wages*, has won deserved success and applause. It is altogether to the good that two trained professional men should visit the United States with open eyes and minds, intent on finding out where and why America is ahead of us, and on disentangling for the benefit of their stay-at-home countrymen the causes, or some of them, of the manufacturing effectiveness and the high standard of living and contentment that obtain across the Atlantic. Moreover, Messrs. Austin and Lloyd write with a straightforward crispness and impartiality. They have diagnosed correctly the leading principles of American business organization, and they arraign British employers and British workers — the former more than the latter — for their failure to absorb and reproduce them over here. Within the limits of the caveat we just entered, — that industrial America and industrial Britain, while similar, are not interchangeable, — this is to render a service of real value.

Those who lay the chief blame for the relative inefficiency of British industry upon the trade-unions have still much to learn. We have only ourselves to thank if labor in the past has been too much occupied in struggling for the bare necessities of a decent living to trouble itself about economic theories or to understand the wider processes of industry. But the consequences of the defective training, the limited outlook, and the susceptibility to catch phrases of a class that in or out of office is to-day the real governing power in the State, are becoming disquietingly apparent. At every turn our recovery from the war has been hampered by the fact that many of the postulates of political economy, which to men of education appear self-evident, are not only not accepted by the average workingman, but seem to be flatly contradicted by the teachings of his personal experience. For instance, it is a commonplace to say that what we need most of all just now is a greatly increased production. But labor is suspicious of any policy that preaches the necessity of unrestricted output. It is suspicious because millions of workingmen can testify that a greater output has not in their case meant higher wages. The whole history of trade-unionism has planted deep in the consciousness of labor the belief that there is only a certain amount of work to go round and that the less each man does the larger will be the number of those who can share in it. Economists know that the introduction of machinery makes for increased employment. The workingman, who has seen his mate lose a job because the installation of a machine has done away with manual labor, does not know it, does not believe it, and has the evidence of his own eyes to convince him that it is not true. Economists, again, have established it as an unassailable axiom that ca' canny practices add to the volume of unemployment. The ordinary workingman, reasoning from his experience in a particular factory, can only conclude that the economists do not know what they are talking about. Before the war he was persuaded that there was only a fund of strictly limited capacity out of which wages could be paid, and that it was to the interest of labor to spread this fund over as many workingmen as possible. Since the war he has inclined to the view that the State or 'industry' has an inexhaustible reservoir of wealth in reserve, and that he can safely demand whatever wages he pleases. The economists never succeeded in knocking the earlier fallacy out of his

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head. They will as little succeed in disabusing him of the second.

To restore some sort of agreement between the ascertained facts and principles of economics and the conceptions that labor has of them must be the task of the employer. But it is a task that the average employer in Great Britain has either neglected or bungled. His head is filled with one fallacy at least as destructive of sane industrialism as any that afflict the workers in his pay. The fallacy is that labor costs and costs of production are virtually synonymous. The Americans know better than that. Across the Atlantic in all the better factories the more a man earns in wages the more highly he is valued, because his earnings depend on his output, and the greater his output the smaller is the cost price of his product. It is a maxim of American manufacturing that a man who does not earn so much per week is too expensive to employ; and that is a far surer guide to industrial conduct than our own employers' too frequent habit of cutting piece rates and thus inviting, and almost forcing, the men to limit production. To look forward to and work for a reduction of wages as a necessary step to the national economic rehabilitation is both fatuous and antisocial. In our judgment one of the few beneficent results of the war is that it has led to an all-round raising of the wage-earners' standard of life. Our employers have got to accommodate themselves to this change and to find in better organization, more perfect mechanical equipment, and mass production the economies that will enable them to stand it and still make a profit. It is not high wages that will ruin them, but their own inefficiency, their neglect of science, their partiality for old methods and processes, their newborn inclination when they feel themselves in a hole to appeal to the Government to get them out of it by means of protective duties or subsidies or State guaranties, or some other external and debilitating device.

This we take to be the warning that Messrs. Austin and Lloyd intended to convey and to point with American instances. There is hardly a feature they have noted down as an inseparable part of 'Big Business' in America that is not questioned, derided, or flatly opposed by the general run of British manufacturers. If a law were to be passed compelling all our industrial concerns to observe 'a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only,' half of them would have to close or submit to an unimaginable reconstruction. Wages subjected to no limit except a man's capacity to earn them; huge sales procured by reducing prices while maintaining or improving quality; the systematic scrapping of obsolete plant and the avid, ceaseless search for time-and-trouble-saving machinery; the free exchange of ideas and experiences between competing firms; welfare work and a lavish expenditure on research and experiments as indispensable to progress — these are hardly the hallmarks of British industrialism. Whether they are ever likely to be, whether it would be a good thing for the country if they were, whether along with increased business efficiency they might not induce a lowered quality of national life and character, are points that admit of no abruptly categorical reply.

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PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. III[1]

THE KOREANS COME INTO THE PICTURE

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

I NOW decided to turn my attention to another branch of the Japanese secret organization, which we had hitherto been unable to follow up. My agents while watching Siraisi's laundry noticed that several Koreans began to call there every evening. They had never done this before. They brought no linen to be washed, and sometimes they remained for a considerable period. Since we knew that the Koreans and the Japanese hated each other, these visits naturally aroused our curiosity. A little investigation showed, moreover, that the visitors were, in practically every case, strangers from other parts of Siberia.

I detailed one of my best men to inquire into this mystery, and a few days later he reported that something strange was going on among the Korean residents. He had talked with several of them, and felt sure they were concealing something from him, but he could n't tell precisely what it was. All that he could state definitely was that in some way the Koreans and the Japanese had suddenly become reconciled.

I immediately summoned the president of the Korean colony of Irkutsk to my office. He was a worthy old fellow whom I had known a long time and whom I chanced to have rendered certain services. He came immediately, but I could not persuade him to tell me what was occurring. I could see that he was frightened and that his ignorance was feigned. This puzzled me greatly. Hitherto the old fellow had always been ready to give me any information I desired. I felt sure that something important was astir which these people feared to reveal.

I had always taken an interest in the Koreans. Several thousands of them were living in Russia, and their numbers were rapidly increasing. We were accustomed to regard them as a persecuted nation suffering under the tyranny of the Japanese. They were quiet, industrious, ignorant people who had settled in considerable numbers along the Amur River, where they worked as common laborers, mechanics, and farm hands. Knowing that they hated the Japanese, I had used them extensively in my counterespionage work, as they were usually quite ready to volunteer to watch any of the latter whom I suspected. Furthermore, some of the Koreans were well educated and familiar with Japanese life and manners, which made their services particularly valuable.

Consequently I was greatly disturbed at the new attitude of these people. So a few days later I went to Harbin to interview our Korean representative there, who was the head of all our agents of that nationality in the Far East. He was a man of excellent reputa-

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tion, very popular among the exiles who were fighting for Korean independence; and we were personally on the best of terms.

When I reached Harbin I discovered that this man was in a Russian prison. He had been arrested at the request of the Japanese Consul, who accused him of conspiring against Japan and inciting Koreans to attack Japanese citizens on the public streets. The Consul wanted him banished to the remotest northeastern section of Siberia. General A——, our Governor at Harbin, was a flabby sort of fellow who feared diplomatic difficulties and had decided to comply with the Japanese demands.

Now my Korean friend was a Russian subject. During the war with Japan he had rendered our army valuable services, for which he had been decorated. Such ingratitude on the part of our authorities made me exceedingly indignant. I therefore demanded that this man be released, threatening, in case of refusal, to report to Petrograd that the Russian Governor was engaged in anti-Russian activities. Thereupon the Governor, greatly perturbed, readily agreed to set the Korean free, with the understanding that he was to leave the city immediately and accompany me back to Irkutsk.

Consequently my Korean friend, whom I shall call T——, hurriedly sold his property at Harbin, settled up his private affairs, bade farewell to his friends, and joined me at the railway station. During the journey he told me the following story.

In 1911, Count Ito, the well-known Japanese statesman, visited Harbin to meet Count Kokovtzov, the Russian Minister of Finance, who had come from Petrograd to conclude a commercial treaty with Japan. In spite of all the precautions taken by the Russian and the Japanese police, Ito was killed by two revolver shots just as he stepped out of the train upon the railway platform where Kokovtzov stood waiting to welcome him. The murderer, who was seized on the spot, proved to be a Korean and a Japanese subject, who had arrived from China only three days before. Several other Koreans who were with him escaped, but they were arrested later the same day, and, since they were technically Japanese subjects, were turned over to the authorities of that country, who sent them to Port Arthur for trial.

At that time the Japanese requested the extradition of T——, alleging that he was one of the chief members of the Korean Revolutionary Committee, which had ordered Count Ito's assassination. The Russian authorities, although eager to assist the Japanese in discovering the persons responsible for the murder, refused to turn T—— over to them, because he was a Russian subject. Nevertheless they arrested and tried him. As a result T—— spent six months in prison, but was finally acquitted, as there was no evidence against him.

Subsequently T—— told me that he had received letters from relatives of the Koreans who were arrested in connection with this assassination, describing the dreadful tortures inflicted upon the prisoners. For example, they were lifted by a block and tackle to the ceiling of the room and then dropped upon boards set with spikes; and needles were driven under their nails and into their bodies and left there for hours. In spite of these tortures, the prisoners did not betray their accomplices, and were eventually hanged.

Nevertheless, the Japanese police learned more or less about the personnel of the Korean revolutionary organization, for they arrested its members in all parts of Korea. A few escaped to China, but the Japanese authorities pursued them even there, and they

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were obliged eventually to flee to America, where they at last found shelter and protection among their own countrymen.

Following these arrests, reprisals were perpetrated by the Japanese authorities in different parts of Korea, so that many of the people migrated to Russia and the United States. That movement rather pleased the Japanese for a time, because they thought it an excellent way of getting rid of an undesirable and hostile section of the population. Eventually, however, this emigration assumed such large proportions that the Government forbade it. After that the Koreans left their country by stealth.

The situation that thus developed gave the Japanese officials in Korea great concern, and they decided to change their policy toward the native population. Thereafter everything possible was done to persuade the Koreans that the Japanese were their friends, who punished only political criminals and murderers. In the schools, where only the Japanese language had previously been taught, Korean was also introduced. Natives who showed friendliness to the Government were relieved of heavy taxes and in many instances were given public employment. This policy won over a considerable section of the people, and proved a great advantage to the Japanese authorities. In order to carry this process of reconciliation still further, so-called Japanese-Korean Societies were organized throughout the country, where lectures were given and amusements of every sort provided. The lecturers expatiated upon the grandeur and the power of Japan and the ancient kinship of the two nations. They also read alleged letters containing gloomy descriptions of the privations and the homesickness and misery of the Koreans who had emigrated to other countries. These letters contained warnings to the writer's friends and relatives not to leave their homeland, telling them that, however bad conditions might be there, they were still worse abroad. Meanwhile any real letters that threw a favorable light upon the life of the emigrants were stopped by the censors and never reached their destination.

T—— also told me that the Japanese did not confine their propaganda to Korea, but had extended it to other countries, including Siberia and the United States. Late in 1913 he brought me a letter written by one of his countrymen in America, reporting the same conditions there that I had recently observed in Irkutsk. Many of the recent immigrants from Korea in that country, according to this correspondent, were very friendly to Japan and sowed dissension among the older immigrants among whom they settled.

I could not follow up my inquiries as to America further, because they were interrupted by the World War; but I was able to uncover the ramifications of this propaganda in Siberia. I soon learned that Koreans employed in the service of Japan were scattered all over the country. Most of them, furthermore, were new arrivals who had been in Siberia only a few months.

Every city or important district where Korean immigrants were settled had been divided by the latter into sections, each of which was placed in charge of a local committee. The Korean residents of each section elected a president, whom they called an 'elder man' or alderman, and two or three assistants. The alderman also served as treasurer of the colony and as its representative in dealing with the Russian authorities. Each section had a special fund for taking care of its poor and helping newcomers to establish themselves in business, an employment

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bureau, and in many instances a Korean school. In other words, each Korean colony was an autonomous little community in itself.

Almost invariably the alderman was one of the older settlers, in respect to age as well as length of residence, and an honest, conscientious fellow who enjoyed the general respect of his countrymen. His word, consequently, was considered as law. Since most of these immigrants were illiterate peasants accustomed to a patriarchal social system, they knew nothing of keeping accounts. Each individual made a small monthly payment into the community chest, the key of which was kept by the alderman. Whenever one of the members was in extreme want, he petitioned the alderman for assistance, whereupon the latter heard his case and advanced him what he seemed to need. The old patriarch who presided over the colony's affairs was generally a poor man himself who worked all day long and had no time to keep books. Of course, he was not paid for his services.

Now the Japanese, in pursuit of their policy of stirring up dissension among the Koreans in order to make them more submissive to their rule, began by attacking this patriarchal organization. As soon as one of their Korean agents arrived in the community to which he was assigned, he made himself first of all familiar with the colony's affairs, cultivating especially the friendship of any idlers, drunkards, or other rogues among its members—for these were the most likely to be discontented and rebellious against the control of the alderman. I should add that the latter was almost invariably a real Korean patriot, intensely hostile to Japan. These hired agents always described the situation back in Korea in most glowing terms, thus playing upon the nostalgia of their fellow countrymen. They said that life was now much easier there than it was in Siberia — thanks largely to the Japanese. The people were no longer persecuted. The Japanese authorities treated the Koreans like their own brothers. Having thus won the confidence of their homesick fellow countrymen, they would begin to inveigh against the man in charge of the local colony's affairs, asserting that he was just like the men who had ruined Korea before the Japanese came, and that he would ruin the immigrants if left in his present post. They declaimed against all the aldermen in Siberia as a pack of thieves who were enriching themselves at the expense of their own blood and kin. The Koreans, they said, were being used to bring Russia's wild country under cultivation, and to make it fruitful and prosperous, but as soon as this was done the Russian Government would expel them and give the lands they had subdued by the sweat of their brows to Russian peasants.

Another favorite argument of these agents was to tell the Koreans that Russia was in sore need of soldiers for a new war against Japan. For that reason she was enticing Koreans into Siberia and was glad to make them Russian subjects. They added to this the prophecy that Japan would again beat Russia, and that one of the terms Tokyo would impose upon the conquered country was the extradition of all Koreans residing in Siberia.

Such arguments naturally imposed upon the simple-minded immigrants. After the soil was thus well prepared, the agent for Japan would demand complete reorganization of the colony's affairs. In almost every case he got his way. The alderman retired from his office in disgust, without making much of a fight to keep it, and a protégé of Japan was put in his place. Rather

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curiously, the actual agents of Japan invariably refused to accept this honor, evidently under instructions from their employers, but they placed men subservient to themselves in these posts. This enabled them to pursue their work undisturbed. An office would be set up and a set of books started for keeping account of the community funds. A new rule for assisting those in need was promulgated: only immigrants who had not opposed the new authorities were to receive subventions from the community chest.

With all the organized activities of the Korean colonies thus in their hands, the agents of Japan started an active propaganda for the Government that hired them. They distributed among their fellow countrymen newspapers from Korea and alleged private letters from home, all of which lauded the Japanese administration to the skies. Occasionally a Korean lecturer would turn up, who invariably was introduced as having just arrived from the home country, and his speeches described the conditions there in the most favorable light.

Needless to say, practically all of these agents and traveling speakers were also employees of the Japanese Army intelligence service. Many of the Koreans suspected this, but, being a timid and submissive people, they feared to tell the Russians. Moreover, the strict censorship over letters from home exercised by the Japanese authorities in Korea prevented any inkling of the true situation there from reaching these exiles. In order, however, to create no suspicions, a faked correspondence was kept up. This was possible because most of the Koreans, being illiterate, employed professional letter-writers, who were more or less in the pay of Japanese authorities and their agents, and who consequently wrote what the latter told them to write and not what the senders of the letters dictated.

As a result of this propaganda, fewer Koreans were naturalized as Russian subjects than formerly. Moreover, their colonies were in constant agitation and the members seemed unable to settle down to everyday work, as if anticipating some great change about to come.

Several interesting incidents occurred about this time that threw more light on these proceedings. For instance, at Krasnoyarsk the former alderman of the Korean colony, who was a highly esteemed Korean and had great authority among his people, observing the true trend of things, presented himself at a meeting of the local Koreans and made a powerful speech against his successor, whom he denounced as a traitor to Korea and a Japanese spy. The latter's followers attacked the speaker, beat him until he was half dead, and dragged him to the police office, where they accused him of being a Japanese agent stirring up the Koreans against Russia. The old man, who knew only a little Russian, was unable to explain the situation without the help of an interpreter. The only interpreter who could be found belonged to the Japanese party. To make the story short, the alderman was found guilty of the charge against him and expelled from Krasnoyarsk. This incident disheartened the loyal immigrants, who now believed that the Russian authorities were siding with Japan against Korea.

Such was the situation when the trouble I have described occurred at Harbin. My friend T——, who was a born fighter and a man of unusual alertness and intelligence, saw at once what the Japanese were trying to do. Feeling that their first blow would be aimed at himself, he prepared himself to meet it. As soon as the usual

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charges regarding the community funds of the Korean colony were raised, he insisted upon an immediate auditing of its accounts, as he himself happened to be the alderman at that time. T—— had those accounts in perfect order; and his books showed, moreover, that he had spent ten thousand rubles of his own money assisting his poorer countrymen. Consequently the attacks of his enemies came to naught.

Thereupon T—— took the offensive. He denounced the Korean 'traitors' in several brilliant speeches. He stripped the mask from several of the secret agents of Japan and held their wearers up to public contempt. As a result several of the latter were beaten up by loyal Korean residents.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE[1]

BY BROR CENTERWALL

TIME effaces the gilt. When finally one stands face to face with highly colored objects, they have lost their splendor. The everyday spirit of democracy does not suffer pomp and magnificence. All worldly monarchs have begun to reduce external display, and the Holy Father follows their example.

Only a few years ago the Vatican messenger carrying invitations to papal audiences was attired in gala. Now an ordinary little Italian in mufti hands you the big letter sealed with the crossed keys. On the envelope is printed in both French and Italian that he is not to receive a tip. Nevertheless the physiognomist reads five lire in his face. They are accepted, too, with an understanding smile.

The Holy Father lets me be informed that he will receive me the following day. '*Sua Santità receverà in udienza Signor Centerwall.*' The card looks imposing, and it has regulations for dress printed in four languages. Ladies should wear long, black, high-necked gowns and black veils; gentlemen, full dress.

So it says on the card; but I very well know that in reality these regulations are no longer observed by the men. One may come in street clothes to the Pope's great audiences. The ladies, however, must still follow the old custom.

Several hundred persons are invited to public audiences and distributed in different rooms. The private audiences form a special chapter, but it is not hard to obtain one if one has something at heart. The general audiences, after all, must be counted among ordinary tourist amusements; with the aid of the legation or consulate anyone may be admitted. The present Pope once remarked that these audiences are his only open window to life.

My friend Johannesson, the Swedish papal sculptor, tipped me off before the audience, 'Wear full dress, and you will be placed much better.' I followed his advice and attired myself in a dress

[1] From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* (Swedish Liberal daily), *March* 20

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coat at noon — may my English friends forgive me. At the Vatican, just as at inaugurations of expositions in some countries, full dress is the correct formal wear all day long.

It is self-evident that ecclesiastics seeking an audience should appear in full robes before the head of the Roman Church. Since for the rest of us jacket and black tie are not effective enough, we have no choice if we wish to be present — on goes the dress coat.

Having groomed myself, I take a cab and drive to the Vatican. The driver is told that I come for an audience, and he stops in the colonnades of the Piazza di San Pietro. The Middle Ages stand on guard and inspect my card.

The papal Swiss Guards are quite decorative. They stand on the landings of the stairway, resting on their long halberds, caps coquettishly over one ear, short balloon-breeches swelling, yellow, blue, and red ribbons intertwined.

Once this stairway led to the Sistine Chapel. To-day, however, I have not come to the Vatican for the sake of Michelangelo or of Raphael; I have come to see Pius XI, the man, and to press his hand.

Other Swiss Guards direct me further. Finally I stand in a gallery that serves as the cloakroom. Lackeys in wine-colored livery take charge of the overcoats. These attendants are fat and well-fed, like monks on German beer signs.

The double doors to the great audience room stand open. Papal functionaries inspect the cards for a last time. In the background stands the throne on a dais. Along the walls sit dark-clad, solemn individuals seeking audience. None of the men has bothered to put on full dress; I see only street clothes.

Next to the throne sit a group of Swiss who have not yet begun their guard duty. I place myself near them, and I can hear them conversing in Swiss German. I am really a bit irritated with my friend the sculptor who fooled me into donning full dress; I am the only one so clad in the gathering.

Now, however, two wine-red lackeys emerge from a side chamber with an individual in full dress looking the English butler to a T. They inspect the people along the walls, and one of them asks me to follow him. I am conducted through several rooms and placed in a corner room among ladies in silk veils and gentlemen with white ties. Instead of the Swiss, Italian patricians of the Noble Guard are on duty.

I have come considerably closer to the Holy Father's study, in which private audiences are taking place. The uniformed nobles who walk up and down the floor suddenly stand at attention, and Mr. Paus, the Pope's Norwegian chamberlain, accompanies from the papal study a much-decorated gentleman of Nordic type in full dress. A few minutes later he returns with a small lilac-colored French bishop.

As usual, the Pope apparently is giving private audiences in his library; for I am able to orient myself when I look out through the windows. Standing down on the Piazza di San Pietro, one may without difficulty find the three windows of the Pope's study. His desk stands between the first and the second window, so that the light falls on his back and in the face of his visitor.

At a private audience one should genuflect three times before one is allowed to kiss the Pope's ring, and also before one leaves the room. It is told of Pius XI that he does not exact this homage except from the eccle-

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siastics; seculars he immediately asks to be seated.

One is always kept waiting for the Pope, and, although my card said 12.15, it is now after half-past twelve. The butler who, as I have learned, is the Pope's body servant, appears again and selects some ladies and gentlemen whom he invites to follow him. Thanks to my tailor, I belong to those chosen, and receive a place among the first.

A small room with a throne, next to the Pope's study. Papal chamberlains are walking back and forth. We are placed standing along the walls — there are no chairs to sit on here. All the gentlemen in this room are in full dress, and the ladies' mantillas and black silk gowns are of the best. No one wears gloves, and I recall that there exists an old rule against gloves dating from the Renaissance. At that time the Popes feared that someone might hide poison in his gloves. Pius XI need have no such fear, but the old rules are respected.

The Pope still keeps us waiting. I am flanked on one side by two English ladies, on the other by a French couple. It is difficult to say how many nationalities are represented in this room. I see two elderly ladies who must be Spanish, judging from combs, mantillas, and busts. A fat couple with a hopeful small son in white could hail only from Germany.

With the possible exception of the little boy, no one looks as if pious motives had brought him here; curiosity must have been the motive in most cases.

Two blue-blooded yeomen of the guard in helmets and with drawn swords parade before the closed door. A papal chamberlain entertains a couple of ladies in flawless French. The body servant returns. Pius XI is about to appear. The yeomen stretch themselves. The chamberlain leaves the ladies. Two wine-red lackeys make certain that the ladies' gowns close tightly at the throat.

The double doors swing open. The yeomen kneel. The chamberlains kneel. The rest of us follow their example. Pius XI is standing in the room. Silently and quietly he approaches, followed by a chosen few. Next to him walks the tall master of ceremonies in black and lilac. A cardinal in purple follows. Two wine-colored lackeys, each carrying something resembling a peddler's box, close the rear.

Pius XI enters the audience chamber in a very simple and dignified manner. Leo XIII's grand apparatus with silver trumpets and sedan chair has disappeared, most likely for ever. His successor, Pius X, probably was one of the humblest men who ever wore the triple tiara. The greatest simplicity marked his audiences, and he seldom spoke to his visitors, for the simple reason that he knew only his own language. Benedict XV, on the contrary, the present pontiff's immediate predecessor, was an aristocrat and a diplomat. He liked pomp and display and reintroduced some of Leo XIII's ceremonies. That he was not carried in a sedan chair to his audiences was because he suffered vertigo as soon as he was hoisted up.

History shows that in most cases a Pope tries to differ as much as possible from his predecessors. Evidently it would never enter the mind of Pius XI to emulate Benedict XV. Pius X, rather, is his ideal type; and it is significant, moreover, that there is now talk of canonizing that simple and good-hearted man.

The present Pope is a very learned man. His Doctor's thesis caused such a stir in the Catholic world that old Leo XIII wished to see him. His career also probably began on the day

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he knelt before one of his predecessors. At that time Pius XI was Achille Ratti. His brilliant examination brought him first to a chair of theology and rhetoric in Milan; thence to the Ambrosian, and later to the Vatican, Library. Finally he was sent by Benedict XV as nuncio to Poland. In 1921 he became a cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, and the following year he went to the conclave in the Vatican, which he has not left since. But it is said now that the Pope intends to leave the Vatican this summer in order to take part in a monastic jubilee. Thus captivity would be at an end and Italy and the Church reconciled.

I am on my knees, and I follow the Pope with my eyes. His long white cassock is woven from the wool of blessed sheep. The skullcap covers the back of his head. On his feet he wears red gold-embroidered slippers. He walks around the room, offering each one his hand. You take his hand and kiss the amethyst ring. The Holy Father has become somewhat stout and is no longer fit to be a mountain-climber.

The hand he offers is soft. I catch a pair of unusually intelligent eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles. The lackey gives me a small medal in a bag, and the Pope continues his round. He gives the impression of goodness despite the sharp wrinkles from the corners of his mouth to his chin. A smile brightens his face when he pats the little boy on his head and musses his hair. It is becoming to the Pope, and I believe he should smile oftener.

The Pope has greeted us all, and we are still kneeling around him. He is standing in the middle of the room reciting the formula of the Benediction. The master of ceremonies mumbles something. The cardinal moves his lips. The bishops wag their heads and chew words. Then the Pope lifts his hands and blesses us.

The doors to the next room are thrown open. The yeomen of the guard kneel. All those waiting follow their example. Slowly the Pope crosses the threshold. A wine-red lackey closes the doors after the papal suite.

The Pope must still go through five audience rooms, packed with audience-seekers. A caravan of poor pilgrims is waiting in the last room. It will be a long while yet before he can have his lunch.

The lackeys conduct us through some corridors to a large hall and out into the gallery with our overcoats.

In the Scala Regia the Swiss Guardsmen are lined up like beautiful dolls — the last evidence of the papal splendor we are leaving. Out on the Piazza di San Pietro the fountains throw streams of water against the sky. The usual crowd of faithful and heretics moves toward St. Peter's. I hail a cab and drive home, since I cannot take lunch in this costume. Like the Pope, I shall partake of my late lunch alone. From a good source I know that the Holy Father drinks a red Marino; it is rather inexpensive, and I too shall drink it in honor of the day.

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FERRERO TURNS NOVELIST[1]

BY ALDO SORANI

In a few weeks' time the Italian reading public will experience a surprise such as has not been its lot for many a day. There will doubtless be similar astonishment in the intellectual world abroad and overseas. Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian of the *Greatness and Decline of Rome* and general philosopher, is about to turn novelist also, with his book for imminent publication by Messrs. Mondadori, of Milan. It will be in four volumes, under the comprehensive title, *Civili e Barbari*. The opening chapters were written ten years ago, and the manuscripts of the two volumes ready for the printers and of the other two under revision testify to the diligence and literary conscience of a writer whose aim at perfection of form and content is attained through year-long revision, correction of point of view, and polish.

As a personal friend, I have been able to put some questions to Ferrero about the book.

'The surprise, if such it be,' said he, 'dates a long way back, but it is perfectly intelligible if it is considered in the light of my historian's work. As a matter of fact, it was not only science and philology that prompted me to devote myself to the study of history. I had always understood man's history as the active expression of the inner self, and I had taken up historical research with the purpose of investigating the working of ethical forces, together with the mass emotions that animate individuals and multitudes alike; and I had chosen the history of Rome because it appeared to me to be the best suited to my purpose. That is why, in writing the story of Rome, I have stressed "composition" and have sought to vitalize history through its dynamic aspects of human passions and movements. I believe indeed that, if my history of Rome has met with a measure of success with the reading public at home and abroad, this is due primarily to its attempt at "composition," at presenting the reader with a human picture, which is obvious to anyone who will compare my work with that of my forerunners in that field.'

'Why,' I queried, 'have you never undertaken to finish the history of Rome?'

'There have been several reasons. In the first place, I completed long ago the preparatory work upon the remaining volumes, and I could easily bring the work down to the Fall of the Empire. It may be, indeed, that I shall take the thread up again when I have finished with my novel. As a matter of fact, however, my study of history had already come full-cycle. I had learned all I could. I had described fully the interplay of the forces that make history, the clash of individual and collective passions that shape its course, — passions that are elemental and identical throughout time, — the uprush of democracy against aristocracy, the struggle of States for primacy, the array of the new against the old orders,

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *April* 4

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innovation against traditionalism, and so on. The conclusion was borne in upon me that the study of one century of Roman history had disclosed to me the story of all time. I realized also, nevertheless, that the major problems of ethics are best realized through individual lives and not through the collective existence of peoples.

'You cannot but admit that the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine is the foremost "psychological" novel ever written. The time came when I felt the need to test my intellectual and ethical postulates through the study of the individual conscience, and I realized then that this could be achieved only through a work of fiction in which I could describe the conduct, not of historic personages, but of imaginative creations.'

'Your novel, then, I take it, is purely imaginative?'

'Yes, it is a work of fiction; but it is based on the study of actual happenings set in a framework of known and personally visualized surroundings. As you are aware, my novel relates a complex story with a varied sequence of subsidiary interests converging round an initial plot, a poisoning trial. The first volume, entitled "*Le Due Verità*," will depict, together with the leading character, the young hero of my novel, and a number of others, the "wheels within wheels" of this poisoning trial.'

'One more *procès des poisons* — the Brinvilliers, and so forth?'

'Yes, I have always been attracted by this kind of case. In writing my history of Rome I came upon a number of actual or presumed cases of murder by poison. Germanicus, we are told, was poisoned by Tiberius, Claudius by Agrippina, Britannicus by Nero. With a view to judging the credibility of these accusations, the study of evidence in other such trials led me to the conclusion that nothing is more hypothetical or more frequently purely imaginary than testimony in poisoning cases. Death has ensued, but more often through other causes than presumed but nonexistent poisoning. Someone dies unexpectedly, suspicion surrounds the matter, mystery clouds roll up, whispers and suggestion follow; emotion spreads and crystallizes round a nucleus, hate boils over. Justice steps in to follow up the threads woven by prejudice and passion — and the poisoner culprit is found, the necessary scapegoat is at hand, even when death from natural causes is the obvious and necessary conclusion.

'Judicial errors, until some fifty years ago, were very frequent, and knowledge of toxicology was only elementary; but such errors are not less frequent now that the action of poisons is better understood. Progress in their science has led the toxicologists to discover traces everywhere of the agent they are looking for. If the substance is actually found, the case is clear. The possible poisoners are in the circumstances restricted to a very few; the suspected culprit is not far to seek. Clues, circumstances, and suggestions weave a net in which the unwary — nay, the innocent — may often find himself dangerously enmeshed. Now, my reading of trials has shown me such a case tried in the court of a South Italian city which ended eventually in acquittal because the expert admitted his mistake in diagnosing a poisonous substance where none existed; but meanwhile the innocent man had undergone several years of preventive imprisonment.'

'But surely your novel will not be a mere narrative of some law-court episode?'

'No, of course not. And here I should like to explain another aspect of my proposed task. My opening scene

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is laid in the Rome of thirty years or so ago, where the new Italy evolved after 1870 suggests a highly interesting social and political environment. I purpose to show the attitude of this new order to a case that brings forward scientists, lawyers, politicians, journalists, financiers, all sorts and conditions of men and social classes. It is the arena of all who profit by the judicial error and, on the other hand, of those who have the defense of truth at heart. My principal hero is in conflict with his father and his surroundings in consequence of the judicial error of which he is about to become the victim. At the close of the second volume he abandons Rome, angered and disgusted with all and sundry; he goes to Africa, goes through the campaign, is present at Adua, and is taken prisoner by the Abyssinians.'

'And so you come back to history?'

'Yes, but only in a sense. The trend of the two remaining volumes is not yet fully worked out. My hero will, of course, be thrown on the screen, so to say, of the Italian-Abyssinian War. As a prisoner among the Abyssinians, he will realize the true inwardness of the tragedy that has overtaken him in Rome. Among the barbarians he finds the way to redemption, his road goes *per crucem ad lucem*. And this atmosphere will offer me the opportunity for a narrative of that African campaign, and more particularly of the Battle of Adua, derived from original and unpublished sources.'

'Are n't you afraid that your novel may be called mere politics, history, or even a case of special pleading, under the transparent guise of fiction?'

'No, indeed. The novel will depict a social state viewed by the historical imagination, but it will be neither an historical nor a political novel.'

'Since, as you say, we are poles apart from all that, tell me a little about your book from a literary standpoint. What is it to stand for, in fact? What were your literary and artistic impulses in writing it?'

'My novel will not, I feel convinced, appear an easy acceptance of the methods in honor with the young novelists. It is a return rather to the tradition of the mighty men of the last century — to the manner of Scott, Dickens, Manzoni, or, last though not least, Tolstoi. Mind, however, I am not challenging comparison with those great novelists. I mean only that my book resembles their work in bulk, in variety of action, and in the number of characters brought into play.

'As to the difficulties I have met with and sought to overcome, composition has certainly been harder to me than in my historic work. A novelist who sets himself to construct a massive work must move his characters about in broad daylight, powerfully foreshortened; he must graduate appearances and effects; he must establish and maintain a continuous scale of perspective values for his characters and the action they develop. The modern novel, it seems to me, has almost lost sight of this art of perspective. Usually, as my reading of recent fiction suggests to me, the novelist places all his characters upon the same plane; or, again, he shows us fugitive side-effects without a rule governing either, or even any definition of the motives for essential changes in the attitude of the characters. My critics will tell me whether I have succeeded in establishing a graduation of values such as a work of art demands.'

'I take it, then, that you have found novel-writing more difficult than writing history?'

'I have indeed. The novel is necessarily more difficult to write. In history certain events, certain characters, are definite propositions. The document

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is a master, but the written proof is also a good servant. In fiction, on the other hand, characters, documents, situations, do not tyrannize over the author; but neither do they serve him, and the author must evolve them and the reality of their atmosphere and their story out of his inner consciousness.

'As regards the latter, let me admit to you that one of the curious experiences I have had has been to discover how much more difficult it is to draw a good than a bad character. I have noticed that novelists are apt in preference to portray bad more often than good characters; the reason for which, I take it, is that the former are easier to delineate — in addition to the fact that good folk always appear insipid or silly, while the wicked always seem interesting.'

'Your critics will doubtless, as you suggest, judge your heroes good or bad, but as an author how do you think they will regard your work as a whole?'

'My work is not yet finished, and critics will certainly not be in a position to render a final judgment before they have seen it as a whole. It is the first attempt to describe the Italy evolved by the Risorgimento, tempered in the mighty crucible of Rome. This is no longer the provincial or regional novel to which so many eminent writers have accustomed the Italian reading public; it is not merely a picture of Sardinia, of Sicily, of the Romagna, or of Lombardy, but professes to be a true Italian and national romance in the fullest sense of the term, in which folk from all parts of the country meet in Rome and evolve along distinctively Italian lines in the heart of Italy, which is Rome.'

PIRANDELLO: MAN AND ARTIST[1]

BY EDWARD STORER

LUIGI PIRANDELLO, both as man and artist, is a product of the new Italy that has arisen from the terrible trial of the war. He is modern in his art, and in the latest phase of his life seems the typical up-to-date fashionable dramatist, who one month is crossing the Atlantic in a speedy liner to be present at a *première* of one of his plays in New York and the next month is traveling about Germany in an airplane to attend his first nights in one or another city of Prussia or Bavaria.

Dinners with the heads of governments and with ambassadors, and official receptions, are the order of the day, while trips to London, Paris, and Spain are regular items in an exterior activity that does not prevent the artist from being engaged on five or six new comedies.

Yet if there is a vast difference, in appearance at any rate, between the active, almost hustling, playwright who directs a touring company, manages a theatre in Rome, and writes his comedies in hotels and trains *de luxe*, and the retired, hermitlike figure of only a few

[1] From the *Bookman* (London literary monthly), *April*

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years ago, we must remember that the real Pirandello is much nearer to the latter than to the former type.

Before fame descended on him, Pirandello lived a very secluded life in his sunny apartment on the outskirts of Rome. It was said that he rarely if ever accepted an invitation to go out to dinner. He allowed nothing to distract him from the cheerful solitude of his study and the company of his books.

For many years Pirandello was professor at a girls' lyceum in Rome, where he went every day to teach history and literature. To the people of the quarter where he lives when he is in Rome he is still '*il professore.*'

Though his fame is a product of post-war Italy, his brilliant plays were for the most part written in the dark hours of the four years' tragedy, in an artistic isolation that was disturbed only by anxiety for the fate of his country in the war and for that of his only son fighting on the Italo-Austrian front. It was, indeed, so Pirandello once told the present writer, partly to provide himself with some intense mental absorption, to offset the horrors and anxieties of war, that the one-time writer of short stories and novels turned his attention to the stage.

The artistic inspiration of Pirandello's dramatic work, however, derives in great part from a movement which, if it was originated by others, owed much to him. This seems something of a contradiction, but the explanation is that while Luigi Chiarelli's *Mask and Face* was the first 'grotesque' in the modern Italian theatre, and was soon followed by others from the pens of San Secondo, Antonelli, and Pirandello himself, the ideas and philosophy lying behind the 'grotesque' movement are to be found in Pirandello's short stories and novels.

Anyone seeking to trace the history of the modern Italian theatrical movement, of which Pirandello is now generally considered the leading figure, must go back to his remarkable novel, *The Late Matthias Pascal* (*Il Fù Mattias Pascal*). Here the problem of dual personality, the marionette conception of humanity, and many other ideas with which we have become familiar in the 'grotesque' plays and in Pirandello's own theatre, are already outlined. Matthias Pascal, owing to a misunderstanding and a coincidence, is given a perfect opportunity to efface his personality. He takes the chance offered him, for his spirit tends that way, and he is tired of himself. So he kills the being the world has known as Matthias Pascal, and steps out with a new name and a new individuality that he can shape and build at his pleasure. The novel deals with the resulting antithesis between seeming and being, between appearance and reality, between the world's conception of a man and his own conception. These basic ideas, remodeled and set in many ways and elaborately developed, have since become part of the Pirandellian stock in trade, and have reacted on the modern Italian theatre. The marionette conception of man owes something to these originating ideas.

Rosso di San Secondo gave us an example of the man-marjonette type of play in his *Love's Puppets* (*Marionette, che Passione!*). Maeterlinck had already created a type of poetic man-marionette, but the puppets of the Italian movement were grotesque rather than poetic.

Pirandello has written several plays that are imbued with this concept. Just as in the early Maeterlinck dramas the characters appeared without volition or will, so in the newer type we are confronted with men and women — this time in ordinary commonplace circumstances — who move like marionettes, who look at their own antics un-

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der the hypnotism of love or social custom, from the outside, who pity themselves, perhaps, or laugh at themselves, but never fail to realize that they are nothing but creatures jerked by mysterious wires.

In *The Pleasure of Respectability* (*Il Piacere dell' Onestà*) and in *Giuoco delle Parti* we have examples of this type of play. In *Così è, se vi pare*, translated by Dr. Arthur Livingston as *Right You Are, If You Think So*, we meet the now famous Pirandellian idea of the mutability and unreality of personality, which depends again on what would seem after all to be the old eighteenth-nineteenth century German philosophical dilemma of the difference between seeming and being, appearance and reality. Who is the Signora Ponza, the veiled woman of *Right You Are, If You Think So?* Is she the person, the individuality, her husband believes her to be, or is she the being that her mother — her husband says 'mother-in-law,' for he believes his first wife to be dead — is convinced she is? Pirandello, to illustrate his point of the unreality or subjective nature of personality, which under his light touch is nothing more than an engaging paradox, so orders the play that we never know who Signora Ponza is.

She says: 'The truth? The truth is simply this: I am the daughter of Signora Frola, and I am the second wife of Signor Ponza. Yes, and for myself, I am nobody.' The prefect of the town answers her in the words of common sense: 'Oh, no, madam, for yourself you must be either the one or the other.'

'Not at all,' replies the mysterious veiled lady; 'for myself, I am whatever you choose to have me.'

The coincidence of an earthquake — quite a reasonable and acceptable dispensation — having destroyed all documentary and human evidence as to the civil identity of the lady, the matter remains on the metaphysical plane, and we are allowed a glimpse of the strange truth of the chameleon nature of personality. Which is the real *ego* — that which a man believes himself to be, or that which his fellows shrewdly perceive in him?

Criticism has yet to come to a much stricter and at the same time a much more intimate examination of Pirandello's works. Europe is not exactly superabounding in dramatists of genius, and Pirandello will before very long be put before the bar of the official critics.

Whatever may be the verdict of the pundits, there would seem to be little doubt that Pirandello's two masterpieces are *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Henry IV*.

The plots of these two extraordinary plays are now too well known to need recapitulation. Of the former it may safely be said that rarely if ever, outside of the great romantics, — as opposed to the Greek and Latin classics who observed the unities, — have so many types of dramatic revelation been compounded in one piece. In *Six Characters* we find subtle dialectic, broad farce, melodrama, tragedy, and high comedy. It cannot be denied that it is an amazing *mélange*. Nearly everyone sees something different in this play. It can be taken reverentially as a subtle study of personality, and it can be enjoyed by the most beetling 'lowbrow' as a farce that has some unnecessarily serious moments. One man sees in it a skit on stage productions; another will have it an analysis of the art of creative composition; a third assumes it is an attempt to 'pull the audience's leg.' That the play is a mine of rich cerebral material the extraordinarily diverse criticisms that it evokes go to prove. The reviews of the play from the eight or nine different countries of the world where it has been produced are almost

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always at variance, the very paradox of personality receiving in this fact an overwhelming proof of its subtle force. The play that London has the honor of having first produced outside of Italy has been given in the following countries: England, Ireland, United States, Argentina, Portugal, Spain, Holland, Russia, Poland, France, Norway, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary.

Pirandello's other big play hangs on an arbitrary conception that somewhat exceeds the limits of credibility — but then many of the famous tragedies of the world's dramatic literature depend upon coincidences whose probability no one now questions.

That a man who had been mad for ten or fifteen years and then recovered his reason would or could go on feigning to be mad in order to consummate an elaborate vendetta has been judged to be highly improbable. But drama after all is made of exceptional cases, — 'hard cases,' — and once we can reconcile ourselves to this inherent unlikeliness in the play we can believe it all and be thrilled by its passion and amazed by its brilliance. In this powerful play, considered by many critics to be the most important drama of the twentieth century, and even mentioned by enthusiasts in the same breath with *Hamlet*, we are certainly confronted with a wealth of intellectual thought that ranges over the whole gamut of speculation.

It is not generally known that Pirandello's earliest plays were dialect dramas and comedies written in the Sicilian dialect of Girgenti and played in that idiom by the Sicilian actor, Angelo Musco.

From this manner the playwright passed to plays like *Tutto per bene*, and *Non è una cosa seria*, a charming light comedy rather in the Shavian manner that would, one feels sure, delight English audiences. Then came the 'grotesques' and the man-marionette plays, and after these, at least in order of production, the plays in the fully matured Pirandellian style, such as *Six Characters* and *Henry IV*.

Later developments have resulted in fine, subtle, psychological plays like *La vita che ti diedi*, in which the French actress Simone has scored a great success, and a new departure in the colored, orgiac *Sagra del Signore della Nave*, where the drama of a kind of modern Saint Francis is thrown against the lurid background of a peasants' semipagan festival that coincides with the pig-slaughtering.

Pirandello is at present at work on several new plays, and some interesting novelties are promised for the spring season in Rome and Milan.

Pirandello the man is a person who has accumulated perhaps fewer traditions and legends around himself than most celebrated authors. This is partly due to the fact that until some three or four years ago he lived the most retired kind of existence. The Pirandello legend, however, though it has had only a few years in which to grow, is not lacking in bright and colored material. Certainly the elegant, fashionably dressed gentleman who rushes round Europe in *wagon-lits*, manages a theatre, and directs a company, is hardly recognizable as the development of the literary recluse with the Mephistophelian smile of a few years ago.

A Sicilian by birth, — the name is of Hellenic origin, — Pirandello went as a young man to the University of Bonn to study, and there is little doubt that his early acquaintanceship with classical German philosophy has had an effect on his plays. Until about 1918, he was known in his own country as a writer of brilliant short stories and novels, which, however, did not reach the big public. It was not until *Six Characters* was produced in Rome in

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1921 that Pirandello really came before the Italian public as a dramatist of importance.

This play, *Six Characters*, marked a turning point in his career. It nearly caused a riot at the theatre on the first night, and created that division of Pirandellians and anti-Pirandellians among the critics and playgoing public which meant argument, discussion, extravagant praise, extravagant abuse, and fame.

The battle was engaged with this play, and when the news of the subsequent successful foreign productions came back to Italy it was won as far as the playwright's own countrymen were concerned.

Pirandello, as the members of his companies agree, is a wonderful actor. At rehearsals he takes the parts and acts as well as reads them over. He carries this passion for acting out the parts of his own plays even into the writing of them, and in this connection an amusing little story is told.

Not many months ago a new building was being constructed almost opposite his study windows. The scaffolding whereon the masons were at work looked right into the room where Pirandello was writing. All at once, the masons, who had cast some casual glances at a gentleman sitting writing at a table, saw him jump up with a start and begin to prance about the room, declaiming, gesticulating, and, as far as they could judge, giving every sign of mental disorder. This went on for some minutes, until Pirandello, having acted out the passage to his content, happened to look out of the window, when he saw seven or eight workman gazing at him with open mouths. Two of them, he afterward learned, approached the porter of his block of flats and communicated their suspicions as to the presence of a strange if not dangerous individual in the building.

HOW A PLAY IS PRODUCED[1]

BY KAREL ČAPEK

THE producer of a play works on the sound theory that the piece must be given a helping hand, as they say. That means it must be produced quite differently from the way the author has desired it.

'Do you know,' says the author, 'I had imagined a very quiet, naturalistic piece. . . .'

'Oh! That would n't do at all,' replies the producer; 'the play must be given in quite a grotesque manner.'

'Clara is a shy, passive creature,' explains the author further.

'What are you thinking of?' cries the producer. 'Clara is a cruel creature. Look here, on page 37 Danesh says to her, "Do not torment me, Clara!" When he says this line Danesh will writhe on the ground, while Clara will stand by in hysterics. You understand, of course?'

'But that was not my idea at all,' protests the author.

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *April* 9

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'Why, man, that is just the best scene,' says the producer drily; 'otherwise the second act has no proper curtain. Am I not right?'

'I suppose so,' replies the author dejectedly.

'Good! I knew you 'd see my point.'

I will now betray certain deep secrets of the dramatic art. A creative author is one who will not allow himself to be hampered by the theatre, and a creative producer is one who will not allow himself to be hampered by the author. As far as the creative actor is concerned the poor devil has no other choice than that of keeping to the words (in this case the producer gets blamed for bad interpretation) or following the producer's instructions (in which case the bad interpretation is blamed on the actor).

If, by pure chance, no one should stumble in the dialogue on the first night, no badly fixed scenery should suddenly fall down, no reflector should burn itself out, and no other similar misfortune should take place, the producer is then praised in the local press as having 'produced very carefully.' It is pure chance, however, whether any of these things occur.

Of course, before the rehearsals begin, there is the business of casting the play. The author now makes the interesting discovery that this is anything but easy. There are in the play, let us say, three ladies and five gentlemen. For the eight rôles, therefore, the author chooses eight or nine of the best players in the theatre ensemble, and declares that he has written the parts specially for them, and for them alone. So far so good. He now hands his list to the producer, and the matter proceeds, as they say, 'higher up.'

Now, however, the following difficulties ensue: —

1. Miss A. cannot take the principal part because she is just now playing another principal part.

2. Miss B. returns the part the author has chosen for her, protesting in a hurt manner that it is not a suitable part for her.

3. Miss C. cannot be given the part the author has chosen for her, because she had a part last week, and Miss D. must have one now.

4. Mr. E. cannot have the principal part; Mr. F. must have it instead, because the rôle of Hamlet was taken from him, after he had asked for it, and given to Mr. G.

5. On the other hand, Mr. E. might take the fifth part as a substitute, but he is dead certain to return it angrily because the author has not chosen the fourth part for him, which is his own line.

6. Mr. H. must take care of himself because he has a cold owing to a conflict with the producer.

7. Mr. H. cannot play part No. 7 because there is no one else suitable for part No. 5. Although it is not his line, he says he will 'manage it all right.'

8. The eighth part, that of a telegraph messenger boy, will be assigned, by special request, to the player chosen by the author himself.

Thus it comes to pass that the whole affair turns out quite differently from what the inexperienced author imagined. Not only that, but a general bitterness is prevalent among the players, who cannot forgive the author for not having assigned the parts direct to them.

I should like to conduct you through the lives of the players, and reveal to you their pasts, their cares, their sorrows, their sensitiveness, the difficulties of their profession, their superstitions, their loves and hates, their brief joys, which are always being recalled; but I am not writing a novel

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from life, but only a short guide. I will therefore cease to wander round the dressing-rooms, between scenery, lamps, weapons, and theatrical thrones, and turn my attentions to the mob. They are called supers.

When the author introduces into his play the 'People,' or the 'Workers,' or a 'Mob,' he generally imagines a great mass of individuals, old and young, well-built, broad-shouldered beings with big chests, thick necks, and powerful voices, as the 'People,' the 'Workers,' or a 'Mob' are usually supposed to be. He is visibly disappointed when he sees on the stage instead a small handful of narrow-chested, more or less scrawny fellows, with thin, piping voices, who do not by any manner of means represent the real 'Proletariat' either in weight or substance. As a matter of fact, they are poor students engaged at sixpence a night; and for sixpence one can hardly expect the poor beggars to be strong, broad-shouldered, and sunburned.

True, there are also permanent supers, who move about with a certain arrogance. If the piece is an elaborately mounted play, requiring a very large mob of people, then everyone in the theatre is pressed into service — dressers, sceneshifters, property men, upholsterers, stage managers, electricians, and seamstresses; indeed, it is a wonder that the theatre administration itself does not come on the stage. About fifty people are usually needed. For making a noise one gets paid something extra. The usual murmur of a 'mob' consists of the mysterious word 'rhubarb.'

The stage manager runs to and fro in the wings with the book of words in his hands, pushes the players on the stage at the right moment and through the correct entrance, directs the crowds, produces noises 'off,' and gives the signal for the curtain to rise; further, he rings the bells in all the dressing-rooms, goes along the corridors screaming 'Ready to begin,' plays minor parts, stamps about like a horse when there is one in the play, is on intimate terms with all the actors, and is abused by all and sundry for everything that happens. Just as there are great and lesser producers, so are there great and lesser stage managers.

Certain noises 'off' are produced by various other people: the mechanic unleashes the stage thunder in the stage-machinery loft; the sceneshifter sees to the hail; the rain, bells, sirens, and shots are the business of the property man. But the stage manager imitates the singing of birds, hoots like a motor horn, rattles the crockery, and makes all the remaining necessary noises, except those that are produced by the orchestra.

The curtain man sits in a glass box near the stage. At a sign from the prompter he lowers the curtain. The curtain falls quickly, glides tragically, or descends slowly, according to the way the play ends.

If the theatre is on fire, the curtain man must remain at his post until the iron safety curtain has been let down. He is aware of his heroic duty; his face is the concentrated expression of caution itself, and next to him is a pint of beer.

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THE GREEK WOMAN OF TO-DAY[1]

BY JACQUELINE BERTILLON

So long as Greece was merely a Turkish province there was no opportunity for its women to develop their minds and their tastes. The energies of the Greek people had been paralyzed by four hundred years of servitude, and they were incapable of any other exertion than that of paying tribute to the Sultan. Excluded from all public activity, the women of Greece had to content themselves with perpetuating the Greek language and the old Greek traditions and with instilling an ardent patriotism into their children. It was this patriotism, of course, that enabled the Greeks to endure their misfortunes and finally to win their independence. During the century and more in which liberated Greece has struggled to become an organized nation, its women have gradually taken a greater and greater part in public life. In general they are remarkably intelligent and acute, and when their intelligence is abetted by a desire to work there seems to be no achievement to which they may not aspire.

The basis of their renaissance has been the organization of a serious system of education. In the early days Greek women learned almost nothing but French, and spent their leisure time reading the most mediocre products of our literature. Education was not compulsory, and there were no schools for girls.

When Greece was freed from the Turkish yoke, the propaganda in favor of education for women was so effective and the gifts of generous individuals so munificent that there are to-day more than a thousand educational institutions for girls. Five *lycées* are set aside for them. They can thus go on from elementary education to secondary study and then pass the examinations of the University of Athens. There are not a few Greek women with doctor's degrees. Mme. Perrin, who made it possible for women to be admitted to the higher schools, introduced me to her friend, Mlle. Apostolakis, *docteur ès lettres*. With her I visited the Acropolis and the ruins of Eleusis. Her eyes shining and her voice quivering with enthusiasm, she alluded to a thousand things, as we observed those ancient stones, which bore witness to a vast and profound culture. The very spirit of antiquity seemed to come alive in her conversation. Mlle. Apostolakis intends to make a study of the religious architecture of Crete, one of the most ancient in the world. I have no doubt that she will receive as much attention as Mlle. Panaiotato, whose thesis on hygiene among the ancient Greeks has been crowned by the Académie des Sciences.

If the independence of Greece enabled the women to get a thoroughgoing education, the vicissitudes of their country have stimulated their activity and called forth their devotion. Women who were formerly occupied entirely with their families have undertaken to found orphanages and workrooms for the victims of

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *April* 3

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Balkan wars. After the loss of Asia Minor the refugees who were driven out by the Turks arrived in Greece by the hundreds of thousands. These poor people had nowhere to live, no supply of clothing, no food, no money. The Greek women came to the help of the Government in finding shelter for them and the means of subsistence. One of the most striking figures among these philanthropic women is Mme. Anna Papadopoulo, who belongs to one of the most ancient families of Epirus. She was not afraid to spend several years at the front during the war in order to organize relief work and to care for the wounded. She played her rôle with such admirable energy and altruism that the Greek people spontaneously gave her the nickname of 'Manna' (Mamma). In her work of relieving the atrocious sufferings of the refugees she went all over the country collecting clothes and money. She organized workshops, and established salesrooms for the disposal of the products manufactured by the refugees and the small possessions of which they wanted to get rid. In the old Royal Palace of Athens she established a workshop where the refugee women could make the lace and embroidery the sale of which kept them from dying of hunger.

With the increase in the Greek working classes made by these thousands of refugees, it became necessary to protect the interests of working women. Mme. Negropante, wife of the former Finance Minister, and Mme. Theodoropoulo, professor of music at the Conservatory of Athens, took this task upon themselves. They organized the League to Protect the Rights of Greek Women, affiliated with the International Women's Council, and brought about the recognition of the great principle of 'equal pay for equal work' in public education. They also succeeded in bringing about the passage of an equitable law on divorce.

Nevertheless there remains an important problem for which no propaganda seems yet to have been spread — the problem of the Greek peasant woman.

Some time ago some young students formed an association of 'Neo-Greeks,' whose aim was to improve the living conditions of the peasants and raise their intellectual and moral level. The members of the association promise that after pursuing university studies abroad they will live for two years in a Greek village and work there in the midst of the peasants themselves. If they are doctors, they will try to train their neighbors in hygienic practices. If they are lawyers, they will teach them the rudiments of law. If they are engineers and architects, they will teach them how to build houses and roads.

No similar attempt, however, has been made to improve the condition of the peasant women. When I was traveling through the Greek countryside I was saddened again and again to see these unfortunate women toilsomely digging in the ground while their husbands were gossiping in the cafés. On the white roads — whitened still more by the rays of an implacable sun — I sometimes met groups proceeding in the following style: the man mounted on a donkey, his wife leading the donkey and carrying a child and other bundles. This was no indication of tyranny or slavery, but only of Oriental custom consecrated by time and habit. The peasant women work like beasts of burden, and are for the most part quite illiterate; yet despite their emaciated bodies and uncultivated minds, they have great depth of feeling and charm of character.

My first observations of them date from the time of my trip to Delphos.

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A carriage with four seats was waiting for me as I left the boat, and I took my place in it. I was watching the nightfall come down slowly over the wild landscape that surrounded me, when I suddenly heard cries and turned round to see where they came from. I saw some peasant women bent over under the weight of baskets and farm implements. Instinctively I stopped the carriage and made a sign to the women to get in. At first they did not dare to, and then, one of them urging on another, they finally clambered in, timidly enough. In order not to disturb me, they took up as little room as possible and made themselves as scanty as their poor tired bodies allowed. Their weary eyes were full of tears of gratitude and affection.

In the winter they spin and weave in their houses. They have no clothing, linen sheets, linen or cotton cloth that is not the work of their own hands. They card the cotton, they spin it with long distaffs in the form of rackets, and weave it on the looms that always stand just inside the doorways. These cloths, though they are very thin, are remarkably strong. But these women are not content with weaving; they also embroider their clothes in colors according to their own designs, which they improvise in constantly varying patterns. No effort is too great to make these embroideries marvels of artistic skill. They will labor at the same scarf or shirt for years on end. When, under the pressure of need, they are forced to sell the objects that have given them so much care, they do so with as much poignant regret as if they were parting with something of themselves.

Their artistic impulses are manifested also in the curious dances in which the whole village takes part in Sunday costume. The peasant men and women take hold of each other's hands in a long line, at the end of which the director of the dance makes rhythmic motions that are communicated directly to the others. The pure features of these village women, their costumes, the Greek sky and sun, all contribute to the unique charm of this spectacle.

But the peasant women possess a gift still more remarkable than that of dancing and embroidery. Though they can neither read nor write, they are skilled in the art of impromptu verse-making. When a child is born, when a young couple are married, when an old man dies, they compose for the baptism, the wedding, or the burial, couplets of surprising poetic delicacy. Here are a few examples. A young girl welcomes her fiancé in these words: —

'When my bird is absent, all is dark. When he comes back, the mountains become green again.'

Another, whose fiancé has married a different girl, cries in her grief: —

'Basil keeps its perfume even when it fades. My lover remains in my memory even if he marries another.'

A mother weeping for her dead infant says: —

'All bitterness is bitter, and all pain is painful. But there is no other grief like the extinction of a family. Thou hast gone away, and what hast thou left me? A vial of poison. Every morning when I arise I will drink a little of it.'

However ignorant they may be, then, these women have a natural delicacy and instinctive refinement that makes them beyond any doubt susceptible of learning. It is only a matter of bringing together and instructing these open minds so that they may be able to participate usefully in the social and political life of their country.

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TE DEUM OF A LARK

BY PAMELA TRAVERS

[*Irish Statesman*]

THE sun and the wind
I praise, Lord God,
and the moon ways
my feet have trod,

The nest at night
and the mating time
and little feathery
breasts on mine:

Live things of the earth,
the morning quest,
and the summer's burden
of sweet unrest,

And the long flight
to the brave South —
wind under wing,
spray on the mouth.

But more than these,
my praise, O King,
humblest praise
for the songs I sing,

For the power to ease
my heart of pain
in singing, and so
find joy again.

And I ask no death,
Lord God, but this:
Grant me, Thy bird,
a small bird's bliss —

Let me pierce the blue
one day as I sing
and touch Thy golden
feet with my wing.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A GREAT THEATRE'S BIRTHDAY

THE year 1776 was a memorable year 'for the race,' if only on three counts: it was the year of the Declaration of Independence; it was the year of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; and it was the year of the founding of the Burgtheater in Vienna. In that year the 'theatre by the Burg' was made the 'Court and National Theatre' by an edict of the Emperor Joseph II, and was transformed from a playhouse for 'extemporized comedy' to a home for the great classical and national drama. Here it was that many of the great plays of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, Hebbel, and Grillparzer had their first or among their first performances. Here it was that Shakespeare was chiefly made known to German-speaking audiences during the nineteenth century — for it was not long before the Burgtheater became the leading German stage.

In April the birthday of this national institution was celebrated fittingly in Vienna, under the auspices of the national Government — since it is now a State-subsidized theatre. A reception to prominent literary men and artists from Germany was given by the Minister of Education; a speech was made by Dr. Hainisch, the Federal President, and an address of welcome by Franz Herterich, the director. On the evening of April 8, Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, the first classical production of the old Burgtheater in 1776, was presented. On April 10, the 'Concordia,' a union of authors and journalists, gave a banquet to the staff and ensemble of the theatre.

The *Neue Freie Presse* devotes a whole supplement to the occasion, with letters of congratulation from distinguished theatrical figures, a statement by Herr Herterich, reminiscences by some of the Burgtheater actors and others, and an article on 'The Spiritual Mission of the Burgtheater in the Republic.' Émile Fabre, the general administrator of the Comédie Française, writes from Paris to congratulate the theatre, and to recall the long history of reciprocity and good-will between the two parallel institutions. 'Great theatrical organizations,' he says, 'like the Burgtheater and the Comédie Française, must feel it their duty to establish fraternal relations over and above national barriers, and it is expecially pleasant on this occasion to remember that neither of us has ever ceased to perform this duty.'

The director, Franz Herterich, remarks on the special problems that confront a theatrical organization that must keep to a certain high standard of literary value and yet not ignore the attitude of its public. A subsidized theatre with a national tradition, he points out, is in a unique position. 'Many of the Burgtheater's patrons think of it as a kind of "first love" in the drama, and since love turns more easily to hatred than to indifference, and is always likely to revert to love, the vacillations of the public are easy to understand. Moreover, it is a perfectly healthy process. Nothing is worse than indifference; love and hate are signs of life; life means struggle, and struggle means

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progress. The participation of the public is effective not only at the performances themselves, but as a steady pressure in the choice of plays, and for a theatre that has cultural duties the pressure is not always easy to meet. But by yielding to it where possible, and resisting it when necessary, such a theatre can hold its own and fulfill its proper rôle.'

In an interview with a representative of the *Observer* Herr Herterich spoke of the relation between the Burgtheater and the English drama. Its devotion to Shakespeare has already been mentioned; on the eve of the recent festival, *Hamlet* was performed, and *Macbeth* and *Coriolanus* followed shortly. Among modern English playwrights, Bernard Shaw is much the most important to the theatre; his *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Pygmalion* were in its repertory for fourteen years, and the current season included *The Philanderer* and *Major Barbara*. Within the scope of the festival productions was a special performance of John Galsworthy's *Windows*, broadcast by the Radio Company, and preceded by a speech on the author by Herr Herterich himself.

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THE 'ROSENKAVALIER' IN LONDON

LONDON recently followed Dresden in giving an enthusiastic reception to Richard Strauss's film opera, the *Rosenkavalier*, at a production for which the composer himself came to London. The Tivoli Cinema Theatre demonstrated its desire to make a great event of the occasion by doubling its ordinary orchestra and giving up two rows of the stalls to accommodate it.

The general attitude of newspaper critics to the experiment was that the film, though excellent in its way, was hardly worthy of the music. 'Hofmannsthal's admirable libretto, as was to be expected,' said the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, 'lost all its subtlety and intimacy in being reduced to two dimensions. It is probably too much to expect any film star to take the part of a woman verging on middle age, and the conversion of the Princess into a beauty in the full bloom of youth robs the story not only of its whole point but also of its bitter-sweet atmosphere and mellow humanity. But since it is not in the nature of the cinema to paint in half-tones, and the original version could only have been worsened, it was probably preferable, if the adaptation was done at all, to adjust it frankly to the idiom of the screen. The *Rosenkavalier* makes quite a good working film-story so long as one is content to accept the conversion on its own terms.'

'But if the film was disappointing,' says the *Times*, 'the music made up for it. It was delightful to hear the old tunes; and the additions that have been made are of the same calibre. We could readily forgive the Field-Marshal's rather tiresome campaign for the sake of the music that accompanies it. The first appearance of the Prince was the occasion for a brilliant piece of military music in the eighteenth-century vein. It might almost have been written by Dr. Arne, and yet bears the characteristic stamp of Strauss's style. . . . The performance was adequate in the best sense of the word, without attaining to real brilliance. We suppose it is not possible to obtain absolute synchronization of the music with the action, and must be grateful for the one or two places where a really dramatic effect is obtained by the simultaneous entry of a character and a new theme. The audience applauded enthusiastically, but we fancy that it was a tribute to the composer rather than to the film.'

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A DOUGHTY LETTER

Two unpublished letters by the late Charles M. Doughty have been turned up among his papers and published in the *Times*. Both were written in February 1877, at Medain Salih in the desert, halfway between Damascus and Jidda. One is addressed to a friendly subordinate of the British Consul in Damascus, and the other — which was never delivered, but returned to its sender after an interval of two years — to his aunt, Miss Hotham, at Tunbridge Wells. At the time he wrote these letters, the author of *Arabia Deserta* still had before him eighteen months of weary wandering, — in the desert, on the sea, and in India, — and it is clear that he writes to his aunt with the sense that it may be his last communication with the outside world: —

My dear Aunt, —

I am happy to send you some news of me from these parts. Your thoughts have perhaps followed me with some anxiety into Arabia. I came down then with the Mecca Pilgrims without misadventure from Damascus. At every station is a fortress for the necessary water. Such an one there is here, where I have lodged now some two months, visiting the antiquities there, certainly not without danger — principally that I am not a muslim. The pilgrims return in their upward journey in two more days, with whom I send you these lines.

Here was a considerable place. The antiquities are tombs hewn in the rocks, with inscriptions. It was a market upon the road by which they fetched the incense from South Arabia to Palestine; thence dispersed to all quarters, burned in the temple at Jerusalem and in the heathen temples of the Western World — and is only obscurely mentioned in ancient authors. I have transcribed the inscriptions.

From hence I go probably to visit the neighbouring Arabs now in a few days — making various excursions as I may be able. I hope at length to arrive at the Persian Gulf. I do not speak more particularly. Without some special acquaintance with Arabia and an excellent map in your hand you would not follow the routes. I am some 130 miles N. of Medina. I have not even the smallest intention to visit either Medina or Mecca.

My thoughts return to you out of this obscure corner of the world. Though I cannot see you, I wish you all the health and happiness that can be. This small paper will show you at least that I am alive. I am in health, thanks to the warm climate, without other food than corn and rice in this prison.

My hands are busy and my head also. The Arabs arrive at every moment now and press in upon me talking and shouting, greeting, questioning, begging tobacco. I am upon the eve of departing upon an adventurous journey.

My love to such as love me that enquire of me,

Your affect. Nephew,
Charles M. Doughty

✻

FROM IDEALISM TO REALISM

'Irish literature has had the most astonishing transformations within twenty-five years,' says the *Irish Statesman*. 'About the beginning of this century it had won international recognition as the most idealistic literature then being created. The conception of the Irish genius as imaginative, poetic, and mystical had hardly become established abroad when at home the younger Irish writers were in revolt against the ideals of their elders, and now Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, and Liam O'Flaherty are winning for Ireland the repute of a realism more intimate, intense, and daring than any other realism in contemporary literature. We doubt whether the later phase would have been possible without the former. It is really the same passionate intensity of mind directed to other ends. As intimately as it penetrated the ideal, so now does it probe into life, and we may be certain that already there are

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boys who are growing critical of the new gods in literature, and who will in their turn lead another reaction. After the swing from poetic beauty to realism, the new reaction will not, we think, be back to the old, but rather away from both. It will be less, we surmise, the literature of imagination or realism than the literature of intellect. It will all be for the enriching of the Irish mind.

'Meanwhile we congratulate Sean O'Casey on his new international repute, and we are certain that the success he won in London with *Juno and the Paycock* will be repeated in the United States, though it may puzzle the lovers of Irish literature there — and they are many — to recognize the Irish genius in its new avatar as realist. We are not great readers of our own writers, and few people in Ireland realize the respect created for the Irish intellect by writers like William Butler Yeats, George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, George Moore, James Joyce, Sean O'Casey, Standish O'Grady, James Stephens, Lady Gregory, Lennox Robinson, Lord Dunsany, Douglas Hyde, and others, some of whose works are famous in three continents, and are studied in Japan and India as in Europe and America. They are about the only thing for which we have repute at present, but we hope that within a few years a revival of our economic life will make another repute for us in which the average man here may take more delight.'

✻

A WORDSWORTH FIND

THE original manuscript of Wordsworth's 'Prelude' has been discovered, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, and is about to be published with annotations by Professor Ernest de Sélincourt, the editor of Spenser and Keats. As everyone knows, this was the poem in which, writing between 1798 and 1805, Wordsworth described for the benefit of his friend Coleridge the progress of his poetic growth, and which he read to Coleridge when he returned from Malta in the latter year. The 'Prelude,' however, was on Wordsworth's direction not published until after his death forty-five years later, and in the meanwhile he was constantly engaged on revising and expanding it. As the seven years mentioned were the great years of Wordsworth's poetic exuberance, and as most of the period that followed was marked by a decline in inspiration, — if not in meditation, — this early draft is certain to be of enormous interest to students and lovers of the poet.

✻

A STATUE OF AN ACTRESS

PARIS, like most European capitals, is full of statues of illustrious figures of many types, — from great generals to great scientists, — but so far as we know there is not yet any monument of the sort to a great actress. At the moment a committee of Parisians has been discussing the possibility of erecting a statue of Sarah Bernhardt, and the Municipal Council has accepted its suggestion to place the statue in the Place Malsherbes in front of the Banque de France. No great hostility has been shown to the idea, but several writers have pointed out that, whatever honor may be owing to a player, at least as much is due to the dramatist who makes his or her triumphs possible. Racine, for instance, has nothing but a miserable medallion at the Comédie Française, whereas Sarah has already a theatre named after her. Who first conceived the rôle of Phèdre, after all?

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BOOKS ABROAD

Mape, by André Maurois. Translated by Eric Sutton. London: John Lane; New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

WHAT, or where, is Mape? In a fanciful introduction to these three studies of typical Mapians M. Maurois explains its meaning. Mape is the country of the imagination to which we all love to escape when the outside world becomes unfriendly; it is the city of refuge, where we hope to find all our dreams come true. It is the fairyland of children, and the home of genius no less; indeed, it is its very hospitality to both extremes that fills us with the haunting doubt that perhaps genius may be a little childish after all. M. Maurois gives three sketches of this world of make-believe, employing for his purpose that attractive combination of fact and fiction which he used so fascinatingly in *Ariel*, his ironic resetting of the story of Shelley's life.

The first citizen of Mape is Goethe, who is revealed to us as a raw youth, as yet unpractised in life and literature, finding in his first love, Lotte, the material for his first book, *The Sorrows of Werther*. Here is the creative Mapian, who takes his characters from real life, varies the actual incidents with a spice of fiction, and ends by giving dire offense to the subjects of his art of make-believe. In the second study the Mapian is, not a writer, but a reader. An erotic adolescent, steeped in Balzac, finds himself in a situation closely resembling one of Balzac's own invention. Forthwith he imagines himself the Balzacian hero, and upsets the entire balance of his life by imitating and assimilating a scene from fiction. The last and strongest of the stories shows the Mapian temperament in the person of an artistic interpreter, an actress who finds relief from her own emotions by expressing them in public. The actress is Mrs. Siddons, of whose dramatic genius M. Maurois holds but a low opinion. Her early appearances are unconvincing, and it is only her beauty that enables her to win her way. But, when the sufferings of her daughters, under the pangs of despised love, wring her heart, she finds the inspiration that her nature lacks, and in a burst of passionate tears confesses that she had never acted so well before.

M. Maurois has the delicate touch of the French artist, an exquisite sensibility to form, and a shadowy irony that lends piquancy to sentiment. That talented translator, Mr. Eric Sutton, does capable justice to the refinements of the original.

My Life As an Explorer, by Sven Hedin. London: Cassell's; New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

[*Observer*]

MR. SVEN HEDIN'S autobiography describes more than thirty astonishing years of exploration and adventure down to the end of the war, which made him a fervent partisan and camp-mate of the Germans and the Turks. Since then he has been round the world like a common tourist, and he suggests that he may be moved to set down his impressions of the United States. They would be as vivid as everything he writes, for he is as definite as a German, yet as susceptible as a Latin. It seems likely that America has left a stronger mark on him than he knows, for he tells his long tale without flagging in a manner like the accentuated staccato of typewriters and the epitomizing rapidity of the cinema. For the reader this method is excellent; it enables the author to get into a single volume of breathless movement an immense range of scene and incident. Mr. Sven Hedin's career has been an epic of vigor and peril, and he knows how to make the most of it. After all, this Swede, though he likes to call attention to all the feathers in his cap, is, in fact, the first white man who ever saw the source of the Brahmaputra and the headsprings of the Indus; he has been an Ulysses among seas of sand; and he has played with death.

For geographers who have read in massive sequence our traveler's full account of his separate journeys there is nothing new in these pages. But they will enable the general reader for the first time to follow the whole crowded pageant of a life both brave and intellectual. Mr. Sven Hedin was first seized by the dream of polar discovery. Then he gave himself to a task very different, but as dangerous — the exploration of the half-known heart of the largest and strangest of continents. He has traversed the wildernesses of Turkestan, Mongolia, and Tibet; amid the sands he has been nearly at his last gasp for water; he has crossed and recrossed the Himalayas and made far more connected and definite our knowledge of the tremendous Trans-Himalayan chain. His part in the Great War was more

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anti-Muscovite than anti-British. For English readers his sympathetic sketch of his intercourse with Lord Kitchener is among the best things in a book all compact of force and color. It is like a film of the deserts of Asia in their terror and of its mountains in their ruthless sublimity. The author's own sketches and maps are so profuse and good as almost to double the effect of his energetic pages.

The Worship of Nature, b Sir James George Frazer, O. M. Vol. I. London and New York: The Macmillan Company.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Sir James Frazer's Gifford Lectures will take a high place among contributions to the study of natural theology by lecturers on that foundation. In a masterly introductory chapter he demonstrates the conformity of the study of primitive religion, or, as he calls it in a happy phrase, the embryology of natural religion, to the general scheme of knowledge. He argues that both the materialist conception of the universe of modern science and the spiritualist conception are at one in seeking for an ultimate unity. The same gradual process of simplification and unification that is to be seen in science marks the history of religion from animism through polytheism to monotheism. The statement of his broad philosophical position is timely in the interests of a study of which the ultimate issues seem at present to be in some danger of neglect.

Natural theology among primitive peoples and the peoples of the early civilizations falls, in the author's view, into two divisions. On one hand is the worship of nature, on the other the worship of the dead. By the worship of nature he understands the worship of natural phenomena conceived as endowed with the will and power to benefit or injure mankind. This is in full accord with the familiar animistic beliefs of primitive man. In the case of the higher forms of religion it is largely a matter of inference and interpretation.

In this first volume of his lectures Sir James Frazer passes under review the evidence relating to the worship of the sky, the earth, and the sun. Of those sections that deal with primitive peoples the most interesting and perhaps most important is that which discusses sky-worship in Africa. The conception of a supreme deity — a sky god — in Africa has sometimes been attributed to Christian influence; but the uniform character of the belief and its wide distribution, as demonstrated in this survey, would alone weigh against that view, apart from other considerations that are here fully set forth.

David, by D. H. Lawrence. London: Martin Secker. 15*s*.

[*Observer*]

In this play on Saul and the young David — it ends with Jonathan's warning and David's flight — Mr. Lawrence has controlled and disciplined his style and his thought. If he has not added to the beauty of one of the world's greatest stories, he had given it a setting, an imaginative framework, which is worthy of the supreme original. He has avoided all artifices of the embellisher; and while his play is in prose, the prose is the prose of a poet, nervous, energetic, and unencumbered. The main character in the piece is Saul, whom we see at the beginning proud of his victory over the Amalekite, carelessly granting Agag an ignominious mercy. The theme of this play is the fall of Saul from the favor of the Lord and his supplanting by young David. Mr. Lawrence follows the Biblical narrative very closely, and is extremely successful in his use of the recorded speeches of his characters. His Samuel is grim, a driven force; his Saul bewildered, not understanding the powers that make and unmake him; his Jonathan, a gentle, disturbed youth, and David a boy conscious, yet not fully aware, of his great destiny. He is a boy who does not fear to go on in the dark, because he knows that the Spirit that instructs and orders him is greater than the irony of fate or the obstinacy of facts. The other people in the play have hopes and fears, ambitions, selfishnesses, and desires; but Samuel and David believe in the guidance of a star.

Mr. Lawrence is, perhaps, least successful in his treatment of the friendship between David and Jonathan. David should be simpler in his expression of love; and though in one passage Mr. Lawrence makes him philosophize beautifully, his speeches are rather out of keeping with his character. The character of Saul is finely presented, and his speeches have a noble rhetoric, as in the complaint when he is listening to David. . . .

We hope this one volume will not exhaust Mr. Lawrence's interest in the story; it would make an admirable prelude to one or two more plays on the life of King David.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Austin, Bertram, and Lloyd; W. Francis. *The Secret of High Wages.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1926. $1.25.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Plough and the Stars, by Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $1.50.

In one sense at least this third play of Mr. O'Casey's deserves the epithet 'Shakespearean' that has been conferred upon it: like the Shakespeare of the chronicle plays, Mr. O'Casey is concerned not with telling a 'dramatic' story — in the ordinary sense in which a strongly climactic series of related incidents is intended — but with passing before us a series of more or less disconnected episodes in a period pregnant with historical meaning. Even less than Shakespeare does the Irish playwright undertake to represent events of impressive and imposing significance; indeed, he seems to reckon for his peculiar type of dramatic effect on the half-tragic, half-farcical triviality and inconsequence of the events he utilizes. It is a 'backstairs' view, almost literally, that we get of the incidents of Easter Week in Dublin in 1916, and if it were not for the vigor with which Mr. O'Casey apprehends personality, and the curiously poetical realism with which he writes dialogue, *The Plough and the Stars* would seem scarcely to have a reason for being. As it is, one cannot read the play without being half-reluctantly engaged by the rank popular conversation of these tenement Dubliners, by the unemphatic humor of the barroom and looting scenes, and by the grim but credible tragedy of the last act — where O'Casey seems almost to have Shakespeare's 'told by an idiot' in mind. In a season of clever and empty plays this seems like a genuinely literary event.

The Question Mark, by M. Jaeger. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.00.

Any author who writes a book about the future has the critic at an unfair advantage. One never quite likes to say that the book is absurd, because future generations may justify the author. But in spite of all scruples, let us hasten to say that *The Question Mark* is at least fantastic. Miss Jaeger catapults her feeble little hero into the twenty-second century, where he spends a large part of the reader's time flying about in a tiny airplane. The picture the author draws of the socialistic state in which he finds himself deserves, along with the rest of the book, to go down in the voluminous annals of insignificant absurdity. It might be a trifle unfair to say that Miss Jaeger is no more of an artist than the author of *The Girl Aviators in Their Phantom Airship*, but one can say with perfect justice that she is not able to claim even the somewhat frequent and dubious praise of being one of the most promising young Englishwomen of letters.

Odtaa, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Masefield's latest novel transports the reader, as did Anthoy Hope in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, into a fictitious country where incredibly complicated politics and geography are the order of the day along with passionate loves and hatreds. We follow the breathlessly thrilling story of a young Englishman who loses his way in the heart of a South American forest in an attempt to save the life of the beautiful Spanish Carlotta. Though there are many passages in the book thrilling enough to make the hair rise in excitement and suspense on the hard head of the most phlegmatic reader, usually immune to thrills, the poor construction of the novel does much to counteract its merits. A good adventure story should not have to rely on 'Appendices and Notes' to explain the baffling points of its plot. Why did not Mr. Masefield, a master of narrative verse, confine himself to the medium in which he has attained distinction, instead of producing an adventure story that falls short of the author's highest capabilities?

English Poems, by Edmund Blunden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Blunden — who won the Hawthornden Prize a few years ago with his volume, *The Shepherd* — is a poet in the pastoral tradition, and it is an open question whether a modern poet, no matter how personal his note, can write in that tradition without getting disastrously out of key with the major mood of his time. Too many of the poems in this book seem at first glance to have been turned up in the work of some eighteenth or early-nineteenth century lyrist; yet on a closer reading one sees that for all their superficial appearance of archaism they are poems that could have been written only by a sensitive citizen of the twentieth century, and this overtone of something more complex, if it keeps them from being 'perfect' on their own terms, makes it easier for a contemporary to read them with satisfaction.

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